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LATIN HYMNS IN ENGLISH VERSE

RT. REV. J. H. VAN BUREN, D.D.



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Latin Hymns in English Verse

*WITH SHORT BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES
OF THEIR AUTHORS*

BY THE
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INTRODUCTION BY
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TO

My Beloved Wife and Son

THESE

STUDIES IN THE ANCIENT HYMNODY

OF THE CHURCH

ARE

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

INTRODUCTION

ONE of the first fruits of the Spirit is joy, and joy is naturally expressed in song. James (v. 13) says, "Is any merry? let him sing psalms." Paul (Eph. v. 19) urges Christians to sing and make melody in their hearts to the Lord, and exhorts them (Eph. v. 19, Col. iii. 16) to help one another when they come together for worship, by "psalms and hymns and spiritual songs." At midnight, in prison, Paul and Silas "were praying and singing hymns unto God" (Acts xvi. 25). The worship of the church from the beginning included the singing both of psalms used in the Jewish ritual and also of hymns that were peculiar to the Christian service.

Besides the four great anthems given by Luke, the *Magnificat* (i. 46-55), the *Benedictus* (i. 68-79), the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* (ii. 14), and the *Nunc Dimittis* (ii. 29-32), there are passages in the New Testament that may be fragments of early hymns; e. g., Eph. v. 14, 1 Tim. iii. 16, vi. 15, 16, and several in the Apocalypse. It is probable that there was a considerable body of these early hymns, though but few of them have come down to us in any form. In the early part of the second century, the younger Pliny, who was governor of Bithynia, wrote a letter to the Emperor Trajan, to give him whatever information he had obtained about the Christians in his province and to ask his advice about their treatment. In describing their meetings (Ep. x. 96) he says, on the evidence of those who admitted that they belonged to the sect, that the Chris-

tians " were accustomed to come together on a certain day [of the week] before daylight, and sing a hymn to Christ as God." As this is the only part of the service that is mentioned, it is evident that the singing of hymns held a very important place in Christian worship within a century after the death of Christ.

But the Jewish psalms in Hebrew and the Christian hymns in Greek did not wholly satisfy the needs of the Western Church. When the Christians of Rome began to express their emotions in Latin hymns, they soon broke away from the restrictions that had been imposed upon classical Latin poetry by Greek influence. Quantity was more and more disregarded, and accent took its place. This was a necessary change. The lyric verse forms of Horace and Catullus were too artificial and too difficult to be appreciated by the classes in society to which the majority of the Christian converts belonged. Simplicity of form, as well as simplicity of thought, was necessary when the uneducated common people made up mainly the congregation that joined in singing the hymns. The earliest meter in common use was iambic dimeter, arranged in stanzas of four verses each, as in our long-meter tunes. This was the prevailing form in the third and fourth centuries.

The introduction of accent into Latin poetry was gradually followed by the use of rhyme, to mark the end of the verse. In the Ambrosian hymns it is found rarely. Evidently it was not carefully avoided, as in the classical poetry of Rome, nor carefully sought, as in the hymns of the Middle Ages. When it appears, it is for the most part imperfect, and employed irregularly, as in *Aurora lucis rutilat* (p. 44). In two hymns that are assigned to this period, Hilary's hymn on the

Epiphany and the hymn of Pope Damasus on St. Agatha (p. 18), it is used intentionally and with pleasing effect. In the centuries following it became common, and in many of the hymns of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries it was carried to great perfection, as in *Ad perennis vitæ fontem* (p. 50), *Iesu dulcis memoria* (p. 116), *Hora novissima* (p. 122), *Dies iræ* (p. 138), *Stabat mater* (p. 160). By the combination of accent and rhyme were produced many stanza forms that have kept their place in popular favor, and still appear in some of the most pleasing varieties of English verse.

The language and style of the early hymns are to a great extent borrowed from Scripture. The phraseology of the Old Testament is often repeated in them, but the central thought is Christ, — Christ, the true light, the light of the world, the sun of righteousness. They are characterized by great simplicity and straightforwardness. They represent the longing of the human soul for Christ, joined with devout adoration. They are the glad utterances of hearts penitent and forgiven, hearts full of unquestioning faith and a love to Christ that turns sorrow into joy, fear into hope, and makes all trials seem light.

Some hymns were designed to commemorate events in Jewish history or in the life of our Lord, as the Days of Creation, the Nativity (p. 64), Easter (p. 44), Pentecost (p. 12), the Passion (pp. 80, 154), the Resurrection (p. 170); some recall the sufferings of the Saints and Martyrs (pp. 18, 74, 86); some were appropriate for different parts of the day, especially the morning, — *Aeterne rerum conditor* (p. 24); the evening, — *Deus, creator omnium* (p. 28); midday, — *Iam sexta sensim solvitur*; midnight, — *Mediæ noctis tempus*

est. It will be remembered that the Christians in Bithynia met before dawn and sang hymns in their morning worship, and that Paul and Silas in prison sang songs at midnight. The singing of the sacred songs at their appropriate seasons and many times each day must have given great spiritual help to the early Christians, the majority of whom had no Bibles, and indeed could not have read them if they had possessed them. By this means they were not only taught regular habits of worship, but kept constantly before their minds the life of the Saviour and the example of the Saints, and became also somewhat familiar with the greatest events in sacred history.

The hymns were sung not only in the assemblies of worshipers, but at prayers and at meals in the home, and by the workmen at their work. Jerome says, " You could not go into the fields without hearing the ploughman at his Hallelujahs, the mower at his Hymns, and the vine-dresser singing the Psalms of David." They continued to give comfort to the mourning, strength to the weak, and courage to the faint-hearted for many centuries. They have served as models for hymn-writers in all Christian lands. Some of the later hymns have been reproduced with great success in English; e.g., *Urbs Sion aurea* in " Jerusalem the Golden "; *Iesu dulcis memoria* in " Jesus, the very thought of Thee "; *O esca viatorum* in " O Bread to pilgrims given "; *Veni, Sancte Spiritus* in " Come, Holy Ghost, in love," and many others.

A good English translation of a Latin hymn should keep as close as possible to the thought of the original, should be written in choice English, and when finished should be genuine poetry. It seems to me that all these excellencies are combined in Bishop Van Buren's

translations. The present collection contains hymns that are universally ranked among the best. They are worthy of study, not only on account of their place in Christian literature and history, but also for their influence on the literature and life of later generations, and especially for what they tell us of the faith of those early days, when men had a clearer vision of the unseen than we seem to have to-day.

HENRY P. WRIGHT.

OAKHAM, MASS., August 8, 1904.

CHRISTIAN HYMNODY

RELIGION has always sought expression in song. To the literature of hymnody every language has made contribution. In the vast treasury of sacred song thus accumulated through the ages, every element known to religion has a place. Devotion, repentance, praise, doctrine, controversy, triumph, faith, hope, love, — all thoughts and emotions, all virtues and graces, all prayers and aspirations are represented.

Christian hymns have their ancestry, as is natural, in the Hebrew. The fierce war songs of "Moses and the children of Israel," the wild lyrics of "Deborah and Barak the son of Abinoam" testify to the antiquity of the custom. The orders of singers and players upon musical instruments, established first for the tabernacle and afterward for the temple, indicate the later formal recognition of hymns as a suitable part of the public worship. The Psalms were the hymnal of the Hebrew Church. Lord Selborne points out that "the modern distinction between psalms and hymns is arbitrary." In the Psalms the entire range of religious experience is embraced. There is no religious emotion, thought, or aspiration known to the soul of man that is not exquisitely uttered there.

In the New Testament again, hymns appear. Our Lord and the apostles end the devotions of the night before the cross with a hymn. Paul and Silas wake the midnight echoes in the prison at Philippi with hymns. The epistles contain frequent references to Christian songs, and exhortations on the subject of singing. The choicest hymns known to liturgical worship are the "Magnificat," the "Benedictus," the "Nunc dimittis" of the early pages of St. Luke; while

the New Testament closes amid the hymns of heaven which St. John heard in the Apocalypse.

Among the Greeks the hymn, in times post-apostolic, was the instrument of controversy. Heresies having been popularized by the hymns of the Gnostics, Ephraem Syrus conceived the idea of counteracting their influence by the use of orthodox words set to the same melodies. This was in the second or third century. Athanasius adopted a similar course in the fourth century as an offset to Arianism. St. John Chrysostom organized nocturnal hymn singing with processions, which afterward became a settled custom. By the end of the fifth century the prominence of this element in the service of the Greek Church "may be understood," says Selborne, "from the fact that the late Dr. Neale computed four fifths of the whole space (about five thousand pages) contained in the different service books of that church to be occupied by hymnody." The character of the Greek hymns partook of the varying fortunes of the Church itself and reflected the ideas which successively obtained prominence in its theology. Among the most familiar translations from Greek sources are, "The day is past and over," from Anatolius; "Christian, dost thou see them?" from Andrew of Crete; and "Art thou weary?" from Stephen the Sabaite.

Latin hymnody is of later birth than the Greek. It was introduced in the fourth century by Hilary of Poitiers and Ambrose of Milan. Some of the early writers of Latin hymns will be mentioned in these pages, and it is unnecessary to dwell upon them now. Their hymns are thousands in number, and embrace the greatest variety in subjects, meters and styles. A complete study of the Latin hymns would require familiarity with the following works: "Thesaurus Hymnologicus," H. A. Daniel, 5 vols.; "Lateinische Hymnen des Mittelalters," F. J. Mone, 3 vols.; "Das Deutsche Kirchenlied," etc., Vol. I, P. Wackernagel; "Sacred Latin Poetry, Chiefly Lyrical," R. C. Trench, and the later works of J. M.

Neale, Mrs. Charles, P. Schaff, S. W. Duffield. These have been studied to some extent in the preparation of this book, together with Lord Selborne's "History and Development of Hymns," a monograph reproduced in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and the "Dictionary of Hymnology," by John Julian, M.A. But, as an exhaustive study of all these writers has been beyond the limits of time which could be devoted to the subject, owing to the pressure of other duties, the author has contented himself with a more modest undertaking, and has confined his attention principally to Professor March's "Latin Hymns," to which he records here his sense of great obligation.

In the hope that attention may be called anew to the Latin hymns and their writers, and that others, having greater opportunity, may be led to the study of a subject so interesting and so important, this little book is published. A few simple rules have guided the author in making his translations, which it may be well briefly to state. First, to reproduce the exact thought; secondly, to seek for musical and poetic expression; thirdly, to disregard the meter of the original, when likely to trammel the English verse; fourthly, to seek the mood and spirit of the original writer, and let him speak and sing his own message, while we stand by and devoutly listen; fifthly, not to attempt to rival the translations of many of the most famous hymns. With these few principles in view, it has seemed best to reprint the original hymns face to face with the translations which have for a few years delightfully occupied the rare moments of leisure in a busy life.

J. H. V. B.

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HILARIUS PICTAVIENSIS

Hilary was born at Pictavium (Poitiers) about the end of the third century A.D., of heathen parentage. He was highly educated, early converted, and became bishop of Poitiers in 353. By his success in controversy with the Arians he was known as "Malleus Arianorum" and "the Athanasius of the West." His Arian opponents persuaded the Emperor Constantius to banish him to Phrygia in 356. There he observed the influence of the Greek hymns, and, on his return in 360, he introduced similar singing into the services. He wrote and published many contributions to dogmatic and polemical theology. In 364 he impeached Auxentius, bishop of Milan, a man high in imperial favor, as heterodox. Auxentius being summoned to defend himself, gave satisfactory answers to all the questions which were asked, and Hilary was expelled from Milan as a disturber of the peace. His later years were spent in quiet, and he died January 13, 368. He was designated by Augustine as "the illustrious doctor of the churches," and by his energy and courage he holds the highest rank among the Latin writers of his century. Alcuin ascribes the "Gloria in Excelsis" to him, and he has been called the father of Western hymnology. On the Roman calendar, Hilary's day is January 14; "Hilary Term" in England begins January 11 and ends January 31. His great collection of spiritual songs, called "Liber Mysteriorum," mentioned by Jerome, is now lost.

HILARIUS PICTAVIENSIS

I

HYMNUS MATUTINUS

*Lucis largitor splendide,
Cuius sereno lumine
Post lapsa noctis tempora
Dies refusus panditur;*

*Tu verus mundi Lucifer,
Non is, qui parvi sideris
Venturae lucis nuntius
Angusto fulget lumine,*

*Sed toto sole clarior,
Lux ipse totus et dies,
Interna nostri pectoris
Illuminans praecordia:*

*Adesto, rerum conditor,
Paternae lucis gloria,
Cuius admota gratia
Nostra patescunt corpora.*

HILARY OF POICTIERS

I

MORNING HYMN

O glorious Giver of light,
By whose all-beneficent ray
Are ended the watches of night,
And opened the flood-gates of day;

Light-bearer art Thou to this earth,
Not he who foretells, as the seer,
By flickering starlight, the birth
Of dawn that is yet to appear.

But brighter Thyself than the sun,
Thou art the All-light and the Day,
Thy shining, all radiant One,
Drives all our hearts' darkness away:

Creator of all things, be near,
Thou glory of God's shining face,
Our bodies His temples appear
When touched by Thy marvelous grace.

*Tuoque plena spiritu,
Secum Deum gestantia,
Ne rapientis perfidi
Diris patecant fraudibus,*

*Ut inter actus seculi
Vitae quos usus exigit,
Omni carentes crimine
Tuis vivamus legibus.*

*Probrosas mentis castitas
Carnis vincat libidines,
Sanctumque puri corporis
Delubrum serret Spiritus.*

*Haec spes precantis animae,
Haec sunt votiva munera,
Ut matutina nobis sit
Lux in noctis custodiam.*

And filled with Thy Spirit the while,
Within them may God be enclosed,
Nor may they to treacherous guile
Of ravaging foes be exposed.

But e'en 'mid employments of time
Which customs of this life shall cause,
May we, without semblance of crime,
Obediently walk in Thy laws.

May purity chaste of the mind
Our bodies' foul passions dethrone,
Within, may Thy Spirit enshrined,
These temples preserve for His own.

And this be our hope and our prayer,
And this our heart's fondest delight,
That morning's glad sunbeams shall bear
Our souls till the safeguard of night.

II

HYMNUS MATUTINUS

*Deus, Pater ingenite,
Et Fili unigenite,
Quos Trinitatis unitas
Sancto connectit Spiritu.*

*Te frustra nullus invocat,
Nec cassis unquam vocibus
Amator tui luminis
Ad coelum vultus erigit.*

*Et tu suspirantem Deus,
Vel rota supplicantium,
Vel corda confitentium
Semper benignus aspice.*

*Nos lucis ortus admonet
Grates deferre debitas,
Tibique laudes dicere,
Quod nox obscura praeterit.*

*Diem precamur bonum,
Ut nostros, Saluator, actus
Sinceritate perpeti
Pius benigne instruas.*

II

MORNING HYMN

O Father, uncreated God,
And Thou, of God the only Son,
Together with the Holy Ghost,
United ever, Three in One.

No man invoketh Thee in vain,
Nor e'er with unavailing sighs
Doth any lover of Thy light
Uplift to heaven his downcast eyes.

Do Thou regard each soul that breathes
The vows which eager suppliants make;
And hearts of them that sin confess,
To Thine eternal favour take.

To render thanks now justly due,
So warneth us the dawn of day;
And praises unto Thee to sing,
That gloomy night hath passed away.

We ask of Thee a goodly day,
That Thou, O Saviour, holy One,
Mayst kindly order all our deeds,
In faultless honour to be done.

III

DE LUCTU POENITENTIAE

[FROM AN ABECEDARY]

*Ad coeli clara non sum dignus sidera
 Levare meos infelices oculos,
 Gravi depressus peccatorum pondere:
 Parce, Redemptor!*

*Bonum neglexi facere, quod debui,
 Probrosa gessi sine fine crimina,
 Scelus patravi nullo clausum termino:
 Subveni, Christe!*

*Lugere modo me permitte, Domine,
 Mala, quae gessi, reus ab infantia,
 Lacrimas mihi tua donet gratia
 Cordis ab imo.*

*Meis, ut puto, ritiis Tartarea
 Tormenta multis non valent sufficere,
 Nisi succurrat, Christe, tua pietas
 Misero mihi.*

III

OF THE SORROW OF REPENTANCE

[FROM AN ALPHABET HYMN]

Although I am not worthy e'en to rest
My hapless eyes on stars of heaven so fair,
Beneath the burden of my sins oppressed:
Redeemer of my soul, I pray Thee, spare!

By me how oft undone the good I ought,
How endless are the evils I have done;
How numberless the secret wrongs I've wrought;
My help must come from Thee, O Christ, alone!

Let me, O Lord, but mourn my deeds of shame,
A sinner even from my earliest years,
One favour still my inmost heart shall claim,
That Thou wilt grant to me relief in tears.

Methinks that all of hell's tormenting pains
Amends for my transgressions cannot make,
Except, O Christ, my wretched spirit gains
Sufficient aid, for Thy dear mercy's sake.

*Redemptor mundi, unica spes omnium,
Aequalis Patri Sanctoque Spiritui,
Trinus et unus Deus invisibilis,
Mihi succurre!*

*Si me subtili pensas sub libramine,
Spes in me nulla remanet fiduciae,
Sed rogativa me salvet potentia
Filius Dei.*

*Xriste, te semper recta fide labiis
Confessus, corde credidi orthodoxo,
Haereticorum dogma nefas respui
Pectore puro.*

*Ymnium fideli modulando gutture
Arrium sperno, latrantem Sabellium,
Assensi nunquam grunnienti Simoni
Fauce susurra.*

*Zelum pro Christi sum zelatus nomine,
Nam sancta mater lacte me catholico
Tempus per omne nutrit Ecclesia
Ubere sacro.*

*Gloria Sanctae Trinitati unicae
Sūt Deo Patri, Genito, Paraclito,
Laus meo sonet in ore perpetuum
Domini semper.*

Redeemer of the world, man's hope alone,
With Father and with Holy Ghost divine,
Thou unseen Godhead ever Three in One,
O be Thy mighty succour henceforth mine!

Shouldst Thou but weigh me in Thine equal scale,
In me nor hope nor courage would remain;
But still Thy power to save me would not fail,
O Son of God, whose aid none seeks in vain.

Xrist, ever have I Thee with faith correct,
With heart and lips most orthodox, confessed,
Disdaining sinful dogmas of each sect
That sought a resting place in my pure breast.

Yea, I despise the mocking Arian's whine,
The low Sabellian's barking, dog-like howl;
Nor have I joined with Simon's filthy swine
Whose jaws are ever parted with a growl.

Zeal for the name of Christ have I confessed;
For holy mother Church, with milk sincere,
Hath nourished me, and from her sacred breast
Hath fed me through each swiftly passing year.

To God the Father, Son and Paraclete,
Shall glory be ascribed, O Three in One,
And evermore the praise will I repeat
Of Thee, O Lord, while time its course shall run.

IV

HYMNUS PENTECOSTALIS

*Beata nobis gaudia
Anni redurit orbita,
Cum Spiritus paraclitus
Illapsus est discipulis.*

*Ignis vibrante lumine
Linguae figuram detulit,
Verbis ut essent proflui,
Et charitate ferridi.*

*Linguis loquuntur omnium;
Turbac parent gentilium:
Musto madere deputant,
Quos Spiritus repleverat.*

*Patrata sunt haec mystice,
Paschae peracto tempore,
Sacro dierum circulo,
Quo lege fit remissio.*

IV

A PENTECOSTAL HYMN

The year's brief round on flying feet
Hath our blest joys restored,
Since now is God, the Paraclete,
On His disciples poured.

With lambent flame, the fire to each
Brought tongues from heaven above,
That they might fluent be in speech
And glow with hearts of love.

Speaking with tongues of all, they come;
The throng with fear is stilled:
Then mocks them as though drunken, whom
The Holy Ghost hath filled.

In mystery these things are done;
The Paschal season o'er,
The days their sacred course have run,
Our freedom comes once more.

*Te nunc, piissime Deus,
Vultu precamur cernuo:
Illapsa nobis coelitus
Largire dona Spiritus!*

*Dudum sacrata pectora
Tua replesti gratia,
Dimitte nostra crimina,
Et da quieti tempora!*

O God most merciful, to Thee
We pray with downcast face;
Bestow on us abundantly
Thy Spirit's heavenly grace!

Already Thou with gifts divine
Hast filled each hallowed breast,
O banish sin from that pure shrine
And grant us peaceful rest!

DAMASUS

Authorities differ as to the place of his birth, about 304 A.D., probably in Spain or Portugal. He was the thirty-ninth Bishop of Rome, consecrated 366 A.D., and died in 384. His character is of renowned or doubtful virtue, according to the prejudices of the historians. During his occupancy of the papal throne, a law was promulgated by the Emperor Valentinian prohibiting the clergy from permitting or influencing penitents to enrich them. Damasus had a conflict with the antipope, Ursinus, to maintain his position as pope, and the struggle resulted in bloodshed. Gibbon says that Damasus "had the good sense or the good fortune to engage in his service the zeal and abilities of the learned Jerome, and the grateful saint has celebrated the merit and purity of a very ambiguous character." Theodoret, however, places him "at the head of the famous doctors of the Latin Church."

DAMASUS

HYMNUS DE S. AGATHA

*Martyris ecce dies Agathae
Virginis emicat eximiae,
Christus cum sibi qua sociat
Et diadema duplex decorat.*

*Stirpe decens, elegans specie,
Sed magis actibus atque fide,
Terrea prospera nil reputans,
Iussa Dei sibi corde ligans,*

*Fortior haec trucibusque viris
Exposuit sua membra flagris;
Pectore quam fuerit valido
Torta mamilla docet patulo.*

*Deliciae cui carcer erat,
Pastor orem Petrus hanc recreat;
Inde garisa magisque flagrans
Cuncta flagella cucurrit ovans.*

DAMASUS

A HYMN OF ST. AGATHA

Now behold, the glad day of Saint Agatha comes,
Blessed martyr and virgin renowned,
In the which Christ hath taken her unto Himself,
And with diadem twofold hath crowned.

Though distinguished by birth, and of beauteous
form,
Yet in faith and in works she excelled;
Disregarding all earthly possessions and wealth,
In her heart God's commandments she held.

And this maiden far braver than barbarous men,
To their scourges her body laid bare;
With what mighty endurance her soul was endowed
Let her tortured breast plainly declare.

To this lamb for whose comfort a dungeon was given,
Comes the shepherd, Saint Peter, to bless;
Thence, rejoicing and evermore ardent, she ran,
Through all tortures exultant to press.

*Ethnica turba rogum fugiens
Huius et ipsa meretur opem;
Quos fidei titulus decorat,
His Venerem magis ipsa premat.*

*Iam renitens quasi sponsa polo
Pro miseris supplica Domino,
Sic sua festa coli faciat
Se celebrantibus ut faveat.*

*Gloria cum Patre sit Genito,
Spirituique proinde sacro,
Qui Deus unus et omnipotens
Hanc nostri faciat memorem.*

Lo, the throng of barbarians fleeing from death,
Her assistance deservedly claim;
But in those whom the name of the faithful adorns,
May she quench passion's deadlier flame.

As a bride, with thy Lord interceding in heaven,
For the wretched, O kneel at His throne;
So thy festival day may He cause to be loved,
As He favors those keeping His own.

To the Son, with the Father and Spirit, henceforth
Be all glory and honour and laud:
We beseech Thee to keep her still mindful of us,
O Thou one and omnipotent God.

AMBROSIUS

A native of Trèves in Gaul, the great bishop of Milan, champion of orthodoxy against the Arians, teacher of Augustine, master of the art of eloquence, Ambrose is one of the most conspicuous figures in ecclesiastical history. He was born about 340 A.D., consecrated bishop in 374, and died in 397. His character has not escaped the breath of calumny, but all efforts at detraction have failed to remove him from the high estimation history has accorded to him. His reluctance to accept the office of bishop seems to have been sincere, and his integrity in the administration of the office as marked as the simplicity of his life. He was of noble birth and high education. The undoubted author of many hymns, there are many more ascribed to him which he probably did not compose. Duffield says: "The bishop met three great enemies during his career. First appeared Idolatry, championed by Symmachus; then followed Heresy, championed by Justina; and now came Despotism, behind which stood the beloved Theodosius." His bones were deposited in the church of San Ambrogio, the cathedral which stands on the old site in the city of Milan, where a church was built in 387.

AMBROSIUS

I

HYMNUS MATUTINUS

*Aeterne rerum conditor,
Noctem diemque qui regis,
Et temporum das tempora,
Ut alleres fastidium;*

*Præco diei iam sonat,
Noctis profundæ pervigil,
Nocturna lux riantibus,
A nocte noctem segregans.*

*Hoc excitatus lucifer
Solvit polum caligine,
Hoc omnis errorum chorus
Viam nocendi deserit.*

*Hoc nauta vires colligit
Pontique mitescunt freta,
Hoc ipsa petra ecclesiae
Canente culpam diluit.*

AMBROSE

I

MORNING HYMN

Creator everlasting, Thou
Who rulest night and day,
And giv'st the boundaries of time,
Our weariness to stay;

Now sounds the herald of the morn
Who through deep night abides,
A sleepless guide for wandering feet,
And night from night divides.

Awaked by him, the morning star
From gloom clears all the sky,
While error's every host, at this,
Their evil courses fly.

The sailor now regains his strength,
The sea's wild waves grow tame,
As, at this sound, the Church's rock
Himself deplored his shame.

*Surgamus ergo strenue!
Gallus iacentes excitat,
Et somnulentos increpat,
Gallus negantes arguit.*

*Gallo canente spes redit,
Aegris salus refunditur,
Muero latronis conditur,
Lapsis fides revertitur.*

*Iesu, labentes respice,
Et nos ridendo corrige,
Si respicis, lapsus cadunt,
Fletuque culpa solvitur.*

*Tu lux refulge sensibus,
Mentisque somnum discute,
Te nostra vox primum sonet
Et ore psallamus tibi.*

Then let us rise up valiantly!
The cock rings forth his cry.
He doth upbraid the slumberers,
Refutes those who deny.

When crows the cock our hope returns,
Health o'er the sick is poured,
The robber's sword is safely sheathed,
The faint find faith restored.

O Jesus, mark us when we fall,
And by Thy look restrain,
Our errors cease, if Thou behold,
And tears wash out their stain.

Thou Light upon our senses shine,
Our minds' dull sleep dispel,
Our voices first shall sing to Thee,
Our mouth Thy praises tell.

II

HYMNUS VESPERTINUS

*Deus, creator omnium
Polique rector, restiens
Diem decore lumine,
Noctem soporis gratia,*

*Artus solutos ut quies
Reddat laboris usui,
Mentesque fessas alleret
Luctusque solvat anxios.*

*Grates peracto iam die
Et noctis exortu preces,
Votis, reos ut adiures,
Hymnum canentes solvimus.*

*Te cordis ima concinant,
Te vox canera concrepet,
Te diligat castus amor,
Te mens adoret sobria.*

II

EVENING HYMN

God who hast created all,
Sovereign Ruler throned on high,
Day's bright vestures from Thee fall,
Grace of sleep when night draws nigh.

May sweet rest these weary frames
To their wonted toil restore,
Lift our souls from sordid claims,
Banish grief to come no more.

Now the day its course hath run,
As Thou bidd'st, our prayers we raise;
Now the darkness stealeth on,
Hymns we sing of joy and praise.

Thee our inmost hearts would sing,
Thee would sing each tuneful voice;
Yielding love's pure offering,
Our adoring souls rejoice.

*Ut cum profunda clauscrit
Diem caligo noctium,
Fides tenebras nesciat
Et nox fide reluceat.*

*Dormire mentem ne sinas,
Dormire culpa noverit;
Castos fides refrigerans
Somni vaporem temperet.*

*Exuta sensu lubrico
Te cordis alta somnient,
Ne hostis inridi dolo
Pavor quictos suscitet.*

*Christum rogemus et Patrem
Christi Patrisque Spiritum,
Unum potens per omnia
Fore precantes Trinitas.*

So when deepening shades of night
Round the day their folds entwine,
Faith shall put all gloom to flight,
And by faith the night shall shine.

Suffer not our souls to sleep
Slumbers which the sinful knows:
Faith with cooling powers keep
Fevered dreams from our repose.

Emptied of each stealthy sense,
Dreams of Thee our souls shall fill;
Nor shall foeman's violence
Rouse from rest with fear of ill.

Unto thee, O Christ, we pray,
Father, Spirit, One in Three,
Keep us by Thy might alway,
Ever blessed Trinity.

III

HYMNUS IN POSTULATIONE PLUVIAE

*Squalent arva soli pulvere multo,
 Pallet siccus ager, terra fatiscit,
 Nullus ruris honos, nulla venustas,
 Quando nulla viret gratia florum.
 Tellus dura sitit, nescia roris,
 Fons iam nescit aquas, flumina cursus,
 Herbam nescit humus, nescit aratrum,
 Magno rupta patet turpis hiatu.
 Ferrens sole dies, igneus ardor
 Ipsas urit aves, frondea rami
 Fessis tecta negant, pulvis arenae
 Sicco disputur ore riantis.
 Ventis ora ferac, bestia ventis,
 Captantesque riri flamina ventis,
 Ventis et volucres ora recludunt,
 Hac mulcere sitim fraude volentes.
 Foetus cerva suos, pignora cerva,
 Foetus cerva siti jessa recusat,
 Foetus cerva pios moesta relinquit,
 Quaesitam quoniam non vchit herbam.
 Venerunt iuvenes pocula noti
 Quacrentes putei, lymphaque fugit,*

III

HYMN IN SUPPLICATION FOR RAIN

Squalid, the glebe, with thick-strewn dust, is lying;
Parched is the plain; the land is cracked and dried;
Glory and grace from flowery meads are dying;
Beauty and bloom in earth no more abide.
Thirsts the dry land, in vain, for dews of morning;
Rivers and springs forsake their wonted course;
Withered the grass, the plowshare earth is scorning,
Gaping and cloven by some baleful force.
Daily the sun with ardent, fiery glowing,
Scorches the very birds whose leafy nest
Gives them no shelter; dust the pilgrim blowing
From his dry mouth, is vainly seeking rest.
Wild beasts and cattle, men and birds of heaven
Open their mouths to drink the winds that seethe;
Longing their thirst t' assuage, if it be given,
By fond deception: naught but flames they breathe.
Hinds e'en refuse the offspring that they cherish;
Hinds fagged with thirst their tender young
forsake.
Hinds in their grief their young must leave to
perish,
Since in their search no juicy herb they take.
Youths come with bowls, to well-known cisterns
wending,
Come but to find the limpid waters flown;

*Et rasis vacuis tecta revisunt,
 Fletus, heu ! proprios ore bibentes.
 Bos praesepe suum linquit inane,
 Pratorumque volens carpere gramen
 Nudam versat humum: sic pecus omne
 Fraudatum moriens labitur herbis.
 Radices nemorum rustica plebes
 Explorat misero curva labore,
 Solarique famem cortice quaerit,
 Nec succos teneros arida praestat.
 Hanc peccata famem nostra merentur,
 Sed merce propria, Christe, faveo,
 Quo culpa gravior gratia maior
 Iusti supplicii vincla resolvat.
 Iam coelos reseres, arraque lares
 Fecundo placidus imbre rogamus;
 Heliae meritis impia saecula
 Donasti pluvia: nos quoque dones!*

*Aeterne Genitor, gloria Christo
 Semper cum Genito sit tibi Sancto
 Compar Spiritui, qui Deus unus
 Pollens perpetuis inclyte saeculis!*

Then with their empty vessels homeward tending,
Weep they, alas! and drink but tears alone.
Kine that from empty stalls their way have taken,
Hoping to graze the meadows' scant supplies,
Mumble the soil denuded and forsaken;
Thus all the herd, of herbs defrauded, dies.
Seeking for roots, to depths of woodland flying,
Wretched, the rusties all their toil apply;
Fain would with bark their want be satisfying:
Dried up, no scantiest sap it doth supply.
Justly our guilt this retribution needeth;
Yet for Thine own sake, Christ, our prayer approve:
And by as much as guilt in us exceedeth,
May Thine abounding grace our bonds remove.
Open the heavens, by Thy benignant powers,
Bless, we beseech, with fruitful rain the field;
Once to a sinful race Thou gavest showers
Hearing Elijah: — to us likewise yield!

Father eternal, glory shall be given
Ever to Thee, with Christ Thine only Son,
And to the Holy Spirit, One in heaven,
Might and dominion while the ages run!

IV

HYMNUS TEMPORE PASCHALI

*Hic est dies verus Dei,
Sancto serenus lumine,
Quo diluit sanguis sacer
Probrosa mundi crimina,*

*Fidem refundens perditis,
Caecosque visu illuminans:
Quem non gravi solvit metu
Latronis absolutio?*

*Qui praemio mutans crucem
Iesum brevi acquirit fide,
Iustusque praevio gradu
Pervenit in regnum Dei.*

*Opus stupent et angeli,
Poenam videntes corporis,
Christoque adhaerentem reum
Vitam beatam carpere.*

IV

A HYMN FOR EASTERTIDE

This is in truth the day of God,
With holy light serene,
On which the world's disgraceful sins
His sacred blood made clean.

Restoring faith to sinners lost,
For blind, with sight it glows:
To whom doth not the pardoned thief
Release from fear disclose?

Who with quick faith exchanged the cross
For Jesus, his reward,
And entered, even ere the just,
The kingdom of his Lord.

The angels marvel at the deed,
They see the body's pain,
And yet the guilty, joined to Christ,
Life's fullest blessings gain.

*Mysterium mirabile,
Ut abluat mundi lucem,
Peccata tollit omnium,
Carnis vitia mundans caro.*

*Quid hoc potest sublimius,
Ut culpa quaerat gratiam
Metumque solvat caritas
Reddatque mors vitam novam?*

*Hamum sibi mors devoret
Suisque se nodis liget:
Moriatur vita omnium
Resurgat ut vita omnium.*

*Cum mors per omnes transeat,
Omnes resurgant mortui:
Consumpta mors ictu suo
Perisse se solam gemit.*

O mystery most wonderful!
Of curse the world to cure
The flesh that cleanseth sins of flesh
Doth all men's sins endure.

Than this what can be more sublime,
That guilt for grace should sue,
That perfect love should cast out fear,
And death should life renew?

Death gulps the hook, and then himself
With his own knots he ties:
The Life of all men dies, that so
The life of all may rise.

Since death on all hath passed, may all
The dead arise once more:
And Death, destroyed by his own blow,
His death alone deplore.

V

IN THEOPHANIA

*Inluminans altissimus
Micantium aetrorum globas,
Par, vita, lumen, veritas,
Iesu, fave precantibus;*

*Seu mystico baptisinate
Fluenta Iordanis retro
Conversa quodam tempore
Praesente sacraris die;*

*Seu stella partum virginis
Coelo micans signaverit,
Et hac adoratione die
Praesepe magos duxerit;*

*Vel hydriis plenis aqua
Vini saporem fuderis,
Hausit minister conscius,
Quod ipse non impleverat.*

V

FOR THE EPIPHANY

O Thou who shinest from on high
Upon each gleaming planet's sphere,
Thou Peace, and Life, and Light, and Truth,
O Jesus, now Thy suppliants hear.

Or whether Thou by mystic rite
Didst hallow, on this very day,
The Jordan's stream that once of old
Was reverently turned away;

Or whether, gleaming in the heaven,
The star disclosed the Virgin's Son,
And on this day the magi led
To worship at Thy manger throne;

Or Thou didst then the taste infuse
Of wine, in jars with water stored,
The servant drew, though knowing well
That naught therein himself had poured.

*Aguas colorari videns,
Inebriare flumina,
Elementa mutata stupet
Transire in usus alteros.*

*Sic quinque millibus virum
Dum quinque panes divulis,
Edentium sub dentibus
In ore crescebat cibus;*

*Multiplicabatur magis
Dispendio panis suo,
Quis haec videns mirabitur
Iuges meatus faucium?*

*Inter manus frangentium
Panis rigatur profluis,
Intacta, quae non fregerant,
Fragmenta subrepunt viris.*

Beholding then the waters blush
In an intoxicating flood,
Too greatly wondering at the change
To turn to other things, he stood.

And so, when to five thousand men
Five loaves of bread Thou didst divide,
And even whilst they ate, the food
Within their mouths was multiplied;

The bread was multiplied far more
Than even that which had been spent;
And seeing this, who still will feel,
At feasting men, astonishment?

And whilst they break, within their hands
The bread a flowing stream becomes,
And lo! that which they did not break
Creeps to the men, untouched, in crumbs.

AMBROSIANUS

I

HYMNUS PASCHALIS

*Aurora lucis rutilat,
Coelum laudibus intomat,
Mundus exultans iubilat,
Gemens infernus ululat,*

*Cum rex ille fortissimus,
Mortis confractis viribus,
Pede conculcans Tartara
Solvit a poena miscros!*

*Ille, qui clausus lapide
Custoditur sub milite,
Triumphans pompa nobili
Victor surgit de funere.*

*Solutis iam gemitibus
Et inferni doloribus,
"Quia surrexit Dominus!"
Resplendens clamat angelus.*

*Tristes erant apostoli
De nece sui Domini,
Quem poena mortis crudeli
Serri damnarant impii.*



LAUS DEO *Fra Angelico*

AMBROSIAN

I

EASTER HYMN

Crimson glows the ruddy morning,
Alleluias fill the skies,
Earth rejoices, hell is mourning,
Mingled groans and shouts arise;

For the King, renowned, all glorious,
Comes His captive saints to free,
Over death and hell victorious,
Pain and woe before Him flee!

Vain the rock with sealéd portal,
Him no Roman guard can keep,
Lo! in triumph clad, immortal,
He, the Victor, wakes from sleep.

Groans forevermore are ended,
Ended now the woes of hell,
"Jesus hath from death ascended!"
Angels bright the message tell.

Chosen ones, with visage mournful,
Wept their Lord, betrayed and slain
By the cruel, base and scornful,
Tortured, agonized with pain.

*Sermone blando angelus
Praedixit mulieribus;
"In Galilaea Dominus
Videndus est quantocius!"*

*Illae dum pergunt concite
Apostolis hoc dicere,
Videntes cum vivere
Osculantur pedes Domini.*

*Quo agnito discipuli
In Galilaeam propere
Pergunt videre faciem
Desideratam Domini.*

*Claro paschali gaudio
Sol mundo nitet radio,
Cum Christum iam apostoli
Visu cernunt corporeo.*

*Ostensa sibi vulnere
In Christi carne fulgida
Resurrexisse Dominum
Voce fatentur publica.*

*Rex Christe clementissime,
Tu corda nostra posside,
Ut tibi laudes debitas
Reddamus omni tempore!*

Now with voices wondrous tender,
Angels to the women speak,
“Homage to your Master render,
Him in Galilee go seek.”

While they now with joy and fearing
Speed, the message to repeat,
They behold the Lord appearing,
Worship Him, and kiss His feet.

When His brethren learn the story,
Hasten they to Galilee;
There, in resurrection glory,
Longing sore His face to see.

Now the world with light rejoices,
Cloudless beams the Easter sun,
Saints lift up exultant voices,
They have seen th' Anointed One.

Seen by them, His body, wounded,
Shines as with celestial light,
Christ, with witnesses surrounded,
Stands confessed, the Lord of might.

Christ, Thou King, most gracious ever,
Claim these restless hearts of ours,
That with rapture ending never,
We may justly praise Thy powers!

AUGUSTINE

It is probable that Augustine wrote no hymns. The hymns which are called Augustinian are associated with his name because they are based upon some of his sayings and were formerly supposed to have been of his composition. He was born at Tagasta, in Numidia, November 13, 354 A.D. In his youth he was profligate, but was the object of most devoted prayer on the part of his mother, Monica. In 386 he came under the spell of the eloquent Ambrose at Milan, was converted, and became bishop of Hippo in Africa, in 396. He is the most famous of all the Latin fathers and the most influential. He was called "the Numidian Lion." Tradition connects the "Te Deum" with him and Ambrose, as having been spontaneously uttered in responsive verses by them at the baptism of Augustine.

Of the works of Augustine, says Professor March, " 'The Confessions' — his autobiography, — is most read; 'The City of God' most praised." His power is felt to this day in theology, his hand is seen in the shaping of creeds and systems in every century since his own. He died August 28, 430.

AUGUSTINIANI

I

DE GAUDIIS PARADISI

*Ad perennis ritae fontem mens sitirit arida:
Claustra carnis praesto frangi clausa quaerit anima:
Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur exul frui patria.*

*Dum pressuris ac aerumnis se gemit obnoxiam,
Quam amisit, dum deliquit, contemplatur gloriam,
Praesens malum auget boni perditionem.*

*Nam quis promat summae pacis quanta sit laetitia,
Ubi viris margaritis surgunt aedificia,
Auro celsa micant tecta, radiant triclinia?*

AUGUSTINIAN

I

OF THE JOYS OF PARADISE

For the fount of life immortal
Oft hath longed my thirsty soul;
Now this body's sealéd portal
Open wide my heart would roll;
For it strives and yearns, an exile,
To enjoy its destined goal.

While it grieves, itself regarding,
Unto cares and woes a prey,
And beholds what priceless glory
It through sin hath cast away,
Present evil aids remembrance
Of the good now lost for aye.

Who can tell how great the gladness
Of the perfect peace must be,
Where of living pearls the temples
Rise in wondrous symmetry,
Where on high the roof gleams golden
And the feast is fair to see?

*Solis gemmis pretiosis haec structura nectitur:
Auro mundo, tanquam vitro, urbis via sternitur:
Abest limus, deest fimus, lues nulla cernitur.*

*Hiems horrens, aestas torrens illic nunquam saeviunt:
Flos perpetuus rosarum ver agit perpetuum:
Candent lilia, rubescit crocus, sudat balsamum.*

*Virent prata, vernant sata, rivi mellis influunt;
Pigmentorum spirat odor, liquor et aromatum;
Pendent poma floridorum non lapsura nemorum.*

*Non alternat luna rices, sol vel cursus siderum;
Agnus est felicitis urbis lumen innociduum;
Nox et tempus desunt ei, diem fert continuum.*

And this temple hath been builded
Out of precious gems alone;
With fine gold as though with crystal
Is the city's highway strown;
Mire and dirt and every substance
That defileth is unknown.

Horrid winter, torrid summer,
Never rage in that blest place;
Bloom perpetual of roses
Makes a ceaseless springtime grace;
Lilies gleam, distills the balsam,
Glows the blushing crocus' face.

Fields are green with harvests teeming,
There the gentle streamlets flow;
Waters are with fragrance laden,
All the airs bright colors show;
Fruits of flowery groves are hanging,
Fruits that no decay shall know.

There the moon no change observeth,
Sun by day, nor stars by night;
For the Lamb, of that blest city,
Is the never-failing light;
Night and time to it are wanting,
There the endless day beams bright.

*Nam et sancti quique velut sol praeclarus rutilant;
Post triumphum coronati mutuo coniubilant,
Et prostrati pugnas hostis iam securi numerant.*

*Omni labe defaecati carnis bella nesciunt,
Caro facta spiritalis et mens unum sentiunt;
Pace multa perfruentes scandalum non perferunt.*

*Mutabilibus exuti repetunt originem,
Et praesentem veritatis contemplantur speciem,
Hinc vitalem rivi fontis hauriunt dulcedinem.*

*Inde statum semper idem existendi capiunt;
Clari, viridi, iucundi nullis patent casibus:
Absunt morbi semper sanis, senectus iuvenibus.*

For the saints are robed in glory,
Each one radiant as the sun;
After triumph, crowned victorious
All together joy as one;
Now secure, they count the battles
Over vanquished foemen won.

There they know no wars nor fighting,
From all carnal stains made free;
Flesh and mind of spirit rendered,
In one thought they all agree;
Peace abundant still enjoying,
There they no temptation see.

Stripped of everything that changes,
Their Original they trace,
And of Truth, the everlasting,
See the ever-present face;
Thence as from a living fountain
Drink they sweetness, life and grace.

Thence they gain that blest existence
Which unchangingly remains;
They all pure and bright and joyous,
Never meet with griefs nor pains;
To their health disease is wanting,
Age o'er youth no victory gains.

*Hinc perenne tenent esse, nam transire transiit;
Inde virent, vigent, florent: corruptela corrui,
Immortalitatis vigor mortis ius absorbit.*

*Qui Scientem cuncta sciunt, quid nescire nequeunt?
Nam et pectoris arcana penetrant alterutrum;
Unum volunt, unum nolunt, unitas est mentium.*

*Licet cuiquam sit diversum pro labore meritum,
Caritas hoc facit suum, quod, dum amat alterum,
Proprium sic singulorum fit commune omnium.*

*Ubi corpus illic iure congregantur aquilae;
Quo cum angelis et sanctae recreantur animae,
Uno pane vivunt cives utriusque patriae.*

Hence they hold a life perennial,
For to pass hath passed away;
Hence they grow and bloom and flourish;
Death is dead and turned to clay:
Strength immortal hath been able
Death's dread law itself to slay.

They who know the One all-knowing,
What can such as they not know?
To the heart's profoundest secrets
Of each other shall they go;
One their will, one their refusal,
Unity of minds they show.

Though to each one for his labor
Diverse merit we may see,
Love, when it hath found its object,
For its own makes this sweet plea:
That, whate'er to each belongeth
Common right of all must be.

Where the carcass may be lying
There will flock the birds of prey;
And where saintly souls, with angels,
Find refreshment, e'en as they,
On one bread live they of this land
And of that land far away.

*Novas semper melodias vox meloda concrepat,
Et in iubilum prolata mulcent aures organa,
Digna per quem sunt victores regi dant praeconia.*

*Christe, palma bellatorum, hoc in municipium
Introduc me post solutum militare cingulum;
Fac consortem donativi beatorum civium!*

*Probes vires inexhausto laboranti proelio,
Nec quietem post procinctum deneges emerito,
Teque merear potiri sine fine praemio!*

There new songs melodious voices
Evermore in chorus raise,
Organs there in jubilation
Soothe the ear with tuneful lays,
To the King by whom they triumph
Give they worthy meed of praise.

Christ who art Thyself the palm-branch
Of Thy soldiers brave and tried,
Bring me into that strong city
When my sword is laid aside,
To a share in all Thy glory,
'Mid the blest, my footsteps guide!

Prove the strength of each one struggling
In the battle not yet won,
Nor refuse to all Thy warriors
Well-earned rest when strife is done,
Thee to win may I be worthy,
My Reward while ages run.

II

ANTIDOTUM CONTRA TYRANNIDEM PECCATI

Quid, tyranne! quid minaris?

Quid usquam poenarum est,

Quidquid tandem machinaris:

Hoc amanti parum est.

Dulce mihi cruciari,

Parva vis doloris est:

“Malo mori quam foedari!”

Maior vis amoris est.

Para rogos, quamvis truces,

Et quicquid flagrorum est;

Adde ferrum, adde cruces;

Nil adhuc amanti est.

Dulce mihi cruciari,

Parva vis doloris est:

“Malo mori quam foedari!”

Maior vis amoris est.

Nimis blandus dolor ille!

Una mors, quam brevis est!

Cruciatus amo mille,

Omnis poena levis est.

Dulce mihi sauciari,

Parva vis doloris est:

“Malo mori quam foedari!”

Maior vis amoris est.

II

A CURE FOR THE TYRANNY OF SIN

What, O tyrant! What dost threaten?

What thou hast of pain,

Whatsoever thou contrivest;

Love counts this but vain.

Sweet it is for me to suffer,

Short is pain's brief hour:

"Than disgrace, to die is nobler!"

Love hath greatest power.

Bring thy funeral piles so cruel,

Scourges, if it please;

Bring the sword and bitter crosses;

Love recks naught of these.

Sweet it is for me to suffer,

Short is pain's brief hour:

"Than disgrace, to die is nobler!"

Love hath greatest power.

Nay, too gentle is that suffering!

Once to die, how slight!

Still I love, through countless tortures,

Every pain is light.

Sweet it is to be afflicted

Short is pain's brief hour:

"Than disgrace, to die is nobler!"

Love hath greatest power.

PRUDENTIUS

Aurelius Prudentius Clemens was born in the year 348, probably at Calahorra, near Saragossa, in Spain. He seems to have been of good family and to have received a liberal education. Few names have been the subject of more numerous conjectures than his, and few present fewer details that can be assuredly received as authentic. In his youth rhetoric was one of his pursuits, and his life at the age of twenty seems to have been a profligate one.

He was called to the bar and became a judge in two cities, possibly Toledo and Cordova. It was not until late in life that he embraced the pursuit of literature. At fifty-seven he gave himself to the serious and sacred calling of a Christian, and from that time lived in retirement and devoted himself to the service of God. He has been called "the Horace and Virgil of the Christians"; "Poeta eximius — eruditissimus et sanctissimus scriptor"; "The first Christian poet." These praises are doubtless too high for his deserving. He died some time between 410 and 424 A.D., but at what place in Spain is uncertain.

I

DE NATIVITATE DOMINI

*Da, puer, plectrum, choreis
Ut canam fidelibus
Dulce carmen et melodum,
Gesta Christi insignia.
Hunc camena nostra solum
Pangat, hunc laudet lyra.*

*Corde natus ex parentis
Ante mundi exordium,
A et Ω cognominatus,
Ipse fons et clausula
Omnium, quae sunt, fuerunt,
Quaeque post futura sunt,*

*Corporis formam caduci,
Membra morti obnoxia
Induit, ne gens periret
Protoplasti ex germine,
Merserat quem lex profundo
Noxialis Tartaro.*



MADONNA DELLA SEDIA

Raphael

I

THE NATIVITY OF OUR LORD

Come, give me, child, the tuneful lute,
That I, in faithful verse, may sound, —
A song both sweet and musical, —
The mighty deeds of Christ renowned.
Of Him alone our muse shall sing,
Our lyre His praise alone resound.

Begotten of the Father's breast,
Before the world began to be,
The Alpha and Omega named,
Beginning and the ending He,
Of all the things that are and were,
And all that future time shall see,

He took the form of fallen flesh,
Its members subject to decay,
Lest that fair race which once had sprung
From primal seed, should pass away,
Which race, into the depths of hell
The law had plunged with baleful sway.

*O beatus ortus ille,
Virgo cum puerpera
Edidit nostram salutem
Foeta Sancto Spiritu,
Et puer, redemptor orbis,
Os sacratum protulit.*

*Psallat altitudo coeli;
Psallat omnis angelus;
Quidquid est virtutis usquam
Psallat in laudem Dei:
Nulla linguarum silescat,
Vox et omnis consonet.*

*Ecce! quem rates vetustis
Concinebant seculis;
Quem prophetarum fideles
Paginae spoponderant,
Emicat promissus olim:
Cuncta collaudent eum!*

*Te senes et te iuventus,
Parrulorum te chorus,
Turba matrum virginumque,
Simplices puellulae
Voce concordēs pudicis
Perstrepant concentibus.*

O blest was that nativity,
When bringing forth her first-born Child
The Virgin our Salvation bore
Conceived by Spirit undefiled,
And He, Child-Saviour of the world,
Lift up His holy face and smiled.

Then sing the utmost height of heaven;
Let all the holy angels sing;
And every power where'er it be
God's praises let it gladly bring;
Nor mute let any tongue remain,
Together let all voices ring.

Behold! the One whom holy seers
Were wont to sing in days of old;
And whom the faithful page, inscribed
By prophets' hand, had long foretold,
He shineth forth the promised One;
Let Him by all things be extolled!

Thee let old age and Thee let youth,
And Thee let praise the children's choir,
Let matrons' and the virgins' throng,
Let simple maids in voice conspire
With one accord in modest lays
To make resound Thy praises higher.

*Fluminum lapsus et unda,
Littorum crepidines,
Imber, aestus, nix, pruina,
Aura, silva, nox, dies
Omnibus te concelebrant
Saeculorum saeculis!*

Let rushing floods and swelling waves,
And frowning cliffs that skirt the shore,
Let storm and sunshine, frost and snow,
And winds that through the forests roar,
And night and day Thy praises tell
Throughout all ages evermore.

II

IN EXSEQUIIS

*Iam moesta quiesce querela,
Lacrymas suspendite, matres!
Nullus sua pignora plangat:
Mors haec reparatio vitae est.*

*Quidnam sibi sara caecata,
Quid pulchra volunt monumenta?
Res quod nisi creditur illis
Non mortua, sed data somno.*

*Nam quod requiescere corpus
Vacuum sine mente videmus,
Spatium breve restat, ut alti
Repetat collegia sensus.*

*Venient cito saecula, quum iam
Socius calor ossa rerisat,
Animataque sanguine vivo
Habitacula pristina gestet.*

II

AT FUNERALS

Now, O bitter grief be silent,
Tears, ye mothers, banish hence!
Let no man lament his children:
This is death, — life's recompense.

For what mean these rocky caverns,
What these monuments so fair?
Save that this unto them trusted
Is not dead but sleeping there.

For that body we see resting,
Vacant and devoid of mind,
Only for a brief space waiteth,
Better powers restored to find.

Swift will pass the coming ages,
Friendly warmth these bones shall know
And these former habitations,
Animate with life-blood, glow.

*Quae pigra cadavera pridem
Tumulis putrefacta iacebant,
Volucres rapiuntur in auras,
Animas comitata priores.*

*Sic semina sicca virescunt
Iam mortua iamque sepulta,
Quae reddita cespite ab imo
Veteres meditantur aristas.*

*Nunc suscipe, terra, forendum,
Gremioque hunc concipe molli!
Hominis tibi membra sequestro,
Generosa et fragmina credo.*

*Animae fuit haec domus olim
Factoris ab ore creatae;
Fervens habitavit in istis
Sapientia principe Christo.*

*Tu depositum tege corpus!
Non immemor ille requiret
Sua munera fictor et auctor
Propriique aenigmata vultus.*

*Veniant modo tempora iusta,
Quum spes Deus impleat omnem;
Reddas patefacta necesse est,
Qualem tibi trado figuram.*

Then these bodies dull and moldering,
Sleeping in the graves before,
Shall be borne on airy pinions,
Joined unto their souls of yore.

Thus the seeds though dried and shriveled,
Dead and buried, wake again,
And from 'neath the sod returning
Think of former waving grain.

Now, O earth, receive, to cherish,
In thy tender heart this dust!
Man's frail form to thee I render,
And his goodly ashes trust.

This was once a spirit's dwelling,
Fashioned by the breath of God;
Here from Christ, the mighty Leader,
Ardent wisdom once abode.

Shelter Thou this body laid here!
Not unmindful, He shall trace
His own works who formed and framed them,
Likenesses of His own face.

Soon shall come the times of justice,
When shall God each hope transcend;
And laid open thou must render
Back this form I to thee lend.

III

DE SANCTIS INNOCENTIBUS

*Salvete, flores martyrum!
In lucis ipso limine
Quos saevus ensis messuit,
Ceu turbo nascentes rosas.*

*Vos, prima Christi victima,
Grex immolatorum tener,
Aram sub ipsam simplices
Palma et coronis luditis.*

*Quid proficit tantum nefas;
Quid crimen Herodem iuvat?
Unus tot inter funera
Impune Christus tollitur.*

*Cunae redundant sanguine;
Sed in Deum frustra furit:
Unum petit tot mortibus,
Mortes tot unus effugit.*



MADONNA DELLA TENDA

Raphael

III

OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS

Hail, ye blossoms of the martyrs!
At the threshold of the light,
Whom the cruel sword hath gathered,
As the rosebuds whirlwinds blight.

Ye, of Christ the earliest victims,
Tender flock so soon cut down,
Simple, 'neath the very altar
Sport ye now with palm and crown.

What avails so great a horror;
What doth profit Herod's act?
'Mid so many trains funereal
Christ is borne away intact.

Reek with gore full many cradles;
Vain his rage against the Lord;
One he seeks by many slaughters,
One escapes from every sword.

*Inter coacti sanguinis
Fluenta solus integer,
Ferrum, quod orbabat nurus,
Partus fefellit Virginis.*

*Sic dira Pharaonis mali
Edicta quondam fugerat,
Christi figuram praeferens,
Moses, receptor civium.*

*Matres, quaerelis parcite!
Quid rapta fletis pignora?
Agnum, salutis obsidem,
Denso sequuntur agmine.*

'Mid the streams of infant bloodshed
He alone the sword deceived,
Offspring scathless, of the Virgin,
Sword which mothers' hearts bereaved.

Thus the people's liberator,
He who Christ's own image bore,
Evil Pharaoh's cruel edicts
Moses had escaped before.

Spare, O mothers, your complaining!
Why bewail your offspring lost?
They the Lamb, salvation's surety,
Follow in a thronging host.

FORTUNATUS

Venantius Honorius Clementianus Fortunatus was of Italian birth, from Treviso, not far from Venice. Born about the year 531, he came into France at the age of thirty-five or thirty-six. His life spanned the period at which the papacy was taking shape in the West and Mohammedanism was emerging in the East. He was a friend of Gregory of Tours, to whom he wrote many letters. He seems to have combined the characters of troubadour and courtier; and he has left many panegyrics and other fulsome writings composed in a style that has little to commend it. The greater part of his life was passed at Poitiers, where he secured ecclesiastical preferment. He was consecrated bishop of Poitiers about the year 595. He was the intimate friend of the Abbess Agnes and of Queen Radegunda; and his friendship for these women has not escaped criticism. "He was," says Duffield, "the first of the Christian poets to begin that worship of the Virgin Mary which rose to a passion and sank to an idolatry." He died about the year 609, leaving many hymns of rare beauty and excellence.

FORTUNATUS

DE PASSIONE CHRISTI

*Vexilla regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Quo carne carnis conditor
Suspensus est patibulo.*

*Qui vulneratus insuper
Mucrone diro lanceae,
Ut nos lavaret crimine
Manavit unda et sanguine.*

*Impleta sunt, quae concinit
David fidei carmine,
Dicens: In nationibus
Regnabit a ligno Deus!*

*Arbor decora et fulgida,
Ornata regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite
Tam sancta membra tangere!*

FORTUNATUS

OF THE PASSION OF CHRIST

Lo, the banners of the King are moving on,
And the cross, that mystic emblem, is aglow,
Where in flesh, the mighty Maker of our flesh,
Hath been hanged upon the tree of bitter woe.

Who, beside the pangs of that dread agony,
By the cruel thrust of spear-point wounded sore,
That He might from sin make us forever clean,
Mingled streams of blood and water forth did pour.

Now fulfilled are all the prophecies of old
Which in faithful song by David were rehearsed,
Saying: Over all the heathen God is King,
And His throne shall be the awful tree accursed!

O illustrious and ever-glorious tree,
All adorned with crimson life-blood of the King;
Thou art chosen from a stock of precious worth,
Thus to yonder sacred limbs thy touch to bring!

*Beata, cuius brachiis
Pretium pependit seculi;
Statera facta corporis
Praedamque tulit Tartari.*

*Salve ara, salve victima,
De passionis gloria:
Qua vita mortem pertulit,
Et morte vitam reddidit!*

Blessed tree, upon whose branches spreading wide
He the ransom of this ruined world hath weighed;
And the spoils of hell forever borne away,
When the payment of His body hath been made,

Then all hail, thou altar! Hail, thou Sacrifice!
For the glory of the passion in Thee wrought:
Where our Life hath been victorious over death,
Aye, and back to us our life from death hath
brought!

BEDA VENERABILIS

The Venerable Bede was born near Wearmouth, England, about the year 677. He lived the life of a student, and seems to have loved learning for its own sake. At seven years of age he came under the instruction of the Abbot Benedict, and from that time on he lived and studied at the monastery of what is now Durham Cathedral. His life was devoid of stirring incidents, his talents were various, his attainments of the highest order. He excelled in literature, history, philosophy and poetry. At nineteen years of age he was ordained a deacon, at thirty a priest, and died at fifty-nine. He was learned in Greek, and it is said that many in England spoke in that tongue through his encouragement. At Jarrow, near Wearmouth, he taught a school of six hundred monks, beside many strangers who came to him for instruction. His name presents, in the words of Green, the historian, "The quiet grandeur of a life consecrated to knowledge."

BEDA VENERABILIS

DE NATALI INNOCENTII

*Hymnum canentes martyrum
Dicamus innocentium,
Quos terra flentes perdidit,
Gaudens sed aethra suscipit.
Vultum patris per saecula
Quorum tuentur angeli,
Eiusque laudant gratiam,
Hymnum canentes martyrum.*

*Quos rex peremit impius,
Pius sed auctor colligit,
Secum beatos collocans,
In luce regni perpetis.
Qui mansiones singulis
Largitus in domo patris,
Donat supernis sedibus
Quos rex peremit impius.*



MADONNA

Gabriele Meo

THE VENERABLE BEDE

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE INNOCENTS

A hymn of martyred innocents
Sing we with heart and voice,
Whom earth hath lost and heaven gained,
Who wept but now rejoice.
Whose guardian angels evermore
Behold the Father's face,
They sing the blessed martyrs' hymn
And praise God's wondrous grace.

The king with impious hand destroyed,
But Christ with tender love
Hath placed them at His own right hand,
On His bright throne above.
And He who in the Father's house
Gives mansions for the blest,
To these the impious king destroyed
Gives everlasting rest.

*Vox in Rama percrebuit,
Lamenta luctus maximi,
Rachel suos cum lacrymis
Perfusa flevit filios.
Gaudent triumpho perpeti
Tormenta quique ricerant,
Quorum gemens ob verbera
Vox in Rama percrebuit.*

*Ne, grex pusille, formides
Dentes leonis perfidos,
Pastor bonus nam pascua
Vobis dabit coelestia.
Agnus Dei qui candidum
Mundo sequeris tramite,
Manus latronis impias
Ne, grex pusille, formides.*

*Absterget omnem lacrymam,
Vestris pater de vultibus,
Mors vobis ultra non nocet,
Vitae receptis moenibus.
Qui seminant in lacrymis
Longo metent in gaudio,
Genis lugentum conditor
Absterget omnem lacrymam.*

A voice in Rama there was heard
Of all-surpassing woe,
When Rachel for her children wept
With sorrow's overflow.
They joy with ceaseless triumph now
Who bitter woes have known
Whose voice in Rama once was heard
With deep, lamenting groan.

Fear not the treacherous lion's teeth,
Thou little flock and few,
For your good Shepherd soon will give
The fields of heaven to you.
O ye, the snow-white Lamb of God
Who faithfully pursue,
Fear not the robbers on your way,
O little flock and few.

From every face the Father's hand
Shall wipe all tears away,
Nor death within the gates of life
Shall work you harm for aye.
For they who sow in bitter tears,
In lasting joy shall reap.
And God Himself shall dry all tears
From face of them that weep.

*O! quam beata civitas
In qua redemptor venit,
Natoque primae martyrum
In qua dicantur hostiae.
Nunquam vocaris parrula
In civitatum millibus,
Ex qua natus durus ortus est,
O! quam beata civitas!*

*Adstant nitentes fulgidis
Eius throno nunc vestibus,
Stolas suas qui laverant
Agni rubentes sanguine.
Qui perpetis pro patriae
Regno gementes fleverant,
Laeti Deo cum laudibus
Adstant nitentes fulgidis.*

O city, thou art blest indeed!
In which the Saviour came,
And in which, from the Son of Man,
First martyrs have their name,
'Mid thousands of the cities thou
As least art ne'er addressed,
From whom a Leader new is sprung;
O city, thou art blest!

Around His throne in robes of white
A shining band is seen,
Who in the Lamb's most precious blood
Have washed their vesture clean.
And they who wept with ceaseless groans
For God's dear Fatherland,
Rejoicing now with praises bright
Before Him shining stand.

NOTKERUS VETUSTIOR

Notker the Elder, called also Balbulus the Stammerer, was born about the year 850. He entered the monastery of St. Gall in Switzerland at an early age. There he cultivated the study of music, in which he excelled. He died in the year 912. He introduced the Sequence, after the Epistle in the service, to take the place of the prolonged final syllable of the Alleluia. The words of the Burial Office, "In the midst of life we are in death," are a translation of one of his sequences. The tradition is that he was watching some workmen one day as they were engaged in the construction of a bridge over a chasm near the monastery. One of the workmen fell and was killed. The meditation of Notker upon the event took the form expressed in the words which seem to have been intended to convey the idea of the peril in which all mankind are constantly living: *Media vita in morte sumus*. It is, properly speaking, a prose composition, although it readily lends itself to verse in the translation.

NOTKERUS VETUSTIOR

I

ANTIPHONA IN MORTE

*Media vita
In morte sumus;
Quem querimus adiutorem,
Nisi te, Domine,
Qui pro peccatis nostris
Iuste irasceris!
Sancte Deus, sancte fortis,
Sancte et misericors Salvator,
Amarac morti
Ne tradas nos'*

II

ANTIPHONA: GLORIA IN EXCELSIS

*Grates nunc omnes reddamus Domino Deo,
Qui sua nativitate nos liberavit
De diabolica potestate.
Huic oportet, ut canamus cum angelis semper:
Gloria in excelsis.*

NOTKER THE ELDER

I

ANTIPHON OF DEATH

In midst of life
In death are we;
Whom shall we seek for aid,
Except, O Lord,
We call on Thee,
Of whose just wrath
Our guilty souls
Are horribly afraid?
O holy God, almighty One,
Saviour, true and tender,
To bitter sting of endless death
Do not Thou us surrender!

II

ANTIPHON: GLORY IN THE HIGHEST

Now let us all give thanks to God,
Who by His birth hath set us free
From Satan's scepter and his rod.
'Tis meet that angels sing and we:
Glory in the highest.

ROBERTUS, REX GALLIAE

Robert II, son of Hugh Capet, was born at Orleans in the year 971 and died in 1031. He succeeded to the throne of France in 997. Archbishop Trench says, "The loveliest of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry has a king for its author." "Sismondi," he continues, "brings him very vividly before us in all the beauty of his character, and also in all his evident unfitness, a man of gentleness and peace, for grappling with the men of iron by whom he was surrounded." This praise must be taken with large allowance. Robert was weak, to put it mildly. He repudiated his first wife, on the plea that she was too old for him, and incurred the displeasure of Pope Gregory V by marrying a distant cousin, Bertha, whom he put away and married for his third wife Constance, reputed to have been a shrew. His natural son, Amauri, was the ancestor of the notorious Simon de Montfort. His long reign of thirty-four years was troubled above measure. He is said to have "supported three hundred paupers entirely and one thousand in part," and to have "founded four monasteries and built seven churches." He composed both music and hymns.

ROBERTUS, REX GALLIAE

AD SANCTUM SPIRITUM

*Veni, Sancte Spiritus,
Et emitte coelitus
Lucis tuae radium.
Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.*

*Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animae,
Dulce refrigerium:
In labore requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.*

*O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium!
Sine tuo numine
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.*

ROBERT, KING OF FRANCE

TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

O Thou Holy Spirit, come,
The radiance of Thy heavenly light impart.
Father of the poorest, come,
Giver of all increase, come,
Come, Thou the light of every human heart.

O Thou consolation best,
Sweet Visitor and Solace of the soul;
In all labor Thou art rest,
In the heat Thou shelterest,
Our stay when waves of sorrow o'er us roll.

O most beatific light,
The inmost deeps of faithful hearts fulfill!
Wanting Thine own presence bright
Naught in man dispels the night,
Nor is there aught that doth not work him ill.

*Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium;
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium!*

*Da tuis fidelibus
In te confitentibus
Sacrum septenarium;
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium!*

Do Thou cleansing waters send,
And let Thy moisture on our drought distill;
What is wounded do Thou mend,
Wills grown rigid do Thou bend,
Let cold and wayward hearts obey Thy will.

On Thy faithful ones bestow
Thy sevenfold gifts, for lo, they trust in Thee;
Praise of virtue do Thou show,
Safe departure may we know,
And grant to us true joy eternally.

MARBOD

Marbod, bishop of Rennes, was the son of a fur dealer at Angers. He was born in 1035, became bishop in 1095, and died 1125, at St. Aubin. He left many versified legends of saints, and among his poems is one, "*De Gemmis*," a long account of the mystical meanings attached by the mediæval mind to precious stones. This was a favorite poem in the Middle Ages. In all Latin hymnody, there is no finer instance of rhyme than that which is given in the selection which follows. It has seemed best, in translating, also to keep the metrical form.

MARBOD

ORATIO AD DOMINUM

*Deus-homo, Rex coelorum,
Miserere miserorum;
Ad peccandum proni sumus,
Et ad humum redit humus;
Tu ruinam nostram fulci
Pietate tua dulci.
Quid est homo, proles Adae?
Germen necis dignum clade.
Quid est homo nisi vermis,
Res infirma, res inermis.
Ne digneris huic irasci,
Qui non potest mundus nasci:
Noli, Deus, hunc damnare,
Qui non potest non peccare;
Iudicare non est aequum
Creaturam, non est tecum:
Non est miser homo tanti,
Ut respondeat Tonanti.
Sicut umbra, sicut fumus,
Sicut foenum facti sumus:
Miserere, Rex coelorum,
Miserere miserorum.*

MARBOD

A PRAYER TO THE LORD

Man divine, thou King of heaven,
Pity to the weak be given;
Prone are we to constant sinning,
Earth returns to earth's beginning;
Be our stay in time of danger,
Thy sweet grace to us no stranger.
What is man, from Adam springing?
Worthy death, and death's seed bringing.
What is man? an earthworm senseless,
Thing of weakness, thing defenseless.
Be not angry with him ever
Who can be born stainless never:
Spare, O God, Thy wrath appalling,
Since he cannot keep from falling;
'Tis not just that Thou upbraid him,
'Tis not worthy Thee who made him:
Wretched man, of all things weakest,
May not answer when Thou speakest.
We like smoke are made, or shadow,
Like the grass upon the meadow;
Pity, O Thou King of heaven,
Pity to the weak be given.

BERNARDUS CLARAVALLENSIS

Bernard of Clairvaux was born at Fontaine, in Burgundy, in the year 1091. At an early age he manifested a fondness for study, and in time won the reputation of the best instructed person of the period in the Bible and in patristic lore. As a mere youth he entered the monastery of Citeaux in 1113, and in 1115 became the first abbot of Clairvaux. He founded the monastery of that name, in a valley called the Valley of Wormwood, a wretched region, grown up with underbrush and the haunt of robbers. To this place he gave the name of "Clara Vallis," the Clear Vale, and in time made the place worthy of its new name. He is described as "taller than the middle height and exceedingly thin. His complexion, clear, transparent, red and white. His beard was reddish and his hair light or perhaps tawny." "Struggling Christendom," says Vaughan, "sent incessant monks and priests, couriers and men-at-arms to knock and blow horns at the gate of Clairvaux Abbey." "Yet with all his interruptions and occupations," says Duffield, "he is a profound scholar. His was that strange contradiction of nature which found its calm in tumult and its ecstasy in conflict." He died January 12, 1153.

BERNARDUS CLARAVALLENSIS

I

DE PASSIONE DOMINI: AD FACIEM

*Salve, caput cruentatum,
Totum spinis coronatum,
Conquassatum, vulneratum,
Arundine sic verberatum,
Facie sputis illita.
Salve, cuius dulcis vultus,
Immutatus et incultus,
Immutavit suum florem,
Totus versus in pallorem,
Quem coeli tremit curia.*

*Omnis vigor atque viror
Hinc recessit, non admiror,
Mors apparet in aspectu,
Totus pendens in defectu,
Attritus aegra macie.
Sic affectus, sic despectus,
Propter me sic intersectus,
Peccatori tam indigno
Cum amoris intersigno
Appare clara facie.*

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX

I

OF OUR LORD'S PASSION: TO HIS FACE

Bleeding brow, with thorns surrounded,
Pallid, anguished, sorely wounded,
Face so marred to mortal vision,
King so mocked in mad derision,

 Thee I hail with ceaseless love!
Countenance all changed, yet dearest,
Sweet Thou art and to me nearest;
Though death's hue is o'er Thee stealing,
Round Thee trembling hosts are kneeling,
 From the courts of heaven above.

All Thy beauty is departed,
Gone the vigor life imparted,
Worn Thy frame, by death o'ertaken,
Comeliness hath Thee forsaken,

 Still, on Thee with love I gaze.
Since Thy death is mine exemption,
Since Thy woe is my redemption,
Sinner though I be, I pray Thee
Come, nor let my guilt delay Thee,
 Shine with love's returning rays.

*In hac tua passione
Me agnosce, pastor bone,
Cuius sumpsi mel ex ore,
Haustum lactis ex dulcore
Prae omnibus deliciis.
Non me reum asperneris,
Nec indignum dedigneris,
Morte tibi iam vicina
Tuum caput hic aeclina,
In meis pausa brachiis.*

*Tuae sanctae passioni
Me gauderem interponi,
In hac cruce tecum mori
Praesta crucis amatori,
Sub cruce tua moriar.
Morti tuae iam amarae
Grates ago, Iesu care,
Qui es clemens, pie Deus,
Fac quod petit tuus reus,
Ut absque te non finiar.*

Hear me, though Thou still dost languish,
Gentle Shepherd, in Thine anguish;
From whose lips in fullest measure
I have gathered sweetest treasure,

Far surpassing this world's best.
Cast me not away rejected,
Sinful, sorrowful, dejected;
Now Thy head to death declining,
In my willing arms reclining,
On my heart find peaceful rest.

In Thine hour of holy sadness
Could I share with Thee, what gladness
Should Thy cross to me be showing.
Gladness past all thought or knowing,

Bowed beneath Thy cross to die!
Blessed Jesus, thanks I render
That in bitter death, so tender,
Thou dost hear Thy suppliant calling;
Save me, Lord, and keep from falling
From Thee, when mine hour is nigh.

*Dum me mori est necesse,
Noli mihi tunc deesse;*

*In tremenda mortis hora
Veni, Iesu, absque mora,*

Tuere me et libera.

*Quum me iubes emigrare,
Iesu care, tunc appare;*

*O amator amplexende,
Temet ipsum tunc ostende
In cruce salutifera.*

When to death my life is tending,
Fail not then, Thy presence lending,
In that fearful hour, to hear me,
Blessed Jesus, haste Thee near me;
On me look, and set me free.
When, at Thy command, departing,
On my journey I am starting,
Jesus, show Thyself above me,
Loved One, then, embrace and love me,
And Thy cross my life shall be.

II

CONTEMPTIO VANITATIS MUNDI

O miranda vanitas!

O divitiarum

Amor lamentabilis!

O virus amarum

Cur tot viros inficis,

Faciendo carum,

Quod pertransit citius

Quam flamma stupparum.

Homo miser, cogita:

Mors omnes compescit.

Quis est ab initio,

Qui morti non cessit?

Quando moriturus est,

Omnis homo nescit,

Hic, qui vivit hodie,

Cras forte putrescit.

Dum de morte cogito,

Contristor et ploro,

Verum est, quod moriar

Et tempus ignoro.

Ultimum, quod nescio,

Qui iungar choro;

Et cum sanctis merear

Iungi, Deum oro!

II

CONTEMPT FOR THE VANITY OF THE WORLD

O vanity most wonderful!

O shameful love of treasure!

O poison most deplorable!

Embittering all pleasure!

Why dost infect so many men

By causing to be cherished

That which more swiftly flees away

Than tow whose flame hath perished!

O wretched man, consider well:

All men by death are driven;

Who is there from the earliest day

Who not to death is given?

Nor knoweth any man the hour

When death shall come with sorrow.

Who breathes the breath of life to-day

Decays perchance to-morrow.

The while I dwell on thoughts of death

I mourn with tears and sighing.

'Tis true that I know not the time

Appointed for my dying.

Nor yet, one final thing unknown,

What chorus I'll be swelling;

Pray God among His saints I may

Deserve to find my dwelling.

III

DE NOMINE IESU

*Iesu dulcis memoria
Dans vera cordis gaudia,
Sed super mel et omnia
Eius dulcis presentia.*

*Nil canitur suavius
Auditur nil iucundius,
Nil cogitatur dulcius,
Quam Iesus, Dei filius.*

*Iesu, spes poenitentibus,
Quam pius es petentibus,
Quam bonus te quaerentibus,
Sed quid invenientibus?*

*Iesu, dulcedo cordium,
Fons rivus, lumen mentium,
Excedens omne gaudium,
Et omne desiderium.*



MADONNA OF THE PALM

M. Barilino

III

OF THE NAME OF JESUS

O Jesus, sweet remembrance Thou,
True joy Thou givest every heart.
But sweeter far than honeycomb
And all beside, Thou present art.

No tenderer song is ever sung,
Nor e'en is heard a gentler tone,
Ne'er dwells a sweeter thought in mind
Than Jesus, Son of God alone.

O Jesus, hope to sorrowful,
To those who pray, surpassing kind;
How good to those who seek Thy face,
But what to those blest souls who find?

O Jesus, sweetness of our hearts,
The living Fount, the soul's bright Fire,
Exceeding every transient joy
And every heart's most fond desire.

*Nec lingua valet dicere,
Nec litera exprimere,
Expertus potest credere,
Quid sit Iesum diligere.*

*Cum Maria diluculo,
Iesum quaeram in tumulto,
Cordis clamore querulo
Mente quaeram, non oculo.*

No tongue is able to declare,
Nor any words can fitly tell,
He only who has tried can know
How sweet it is to love Thee well.

With Mary, at the early dawn,
I'll seek for Jesus at the tomb;
With plaintive calling of my heart
In spirit, not by sight, I'll come.

BERNARDUS CLUNIACENSIS

Bernard of Cluny was a contemporary of Bernard of Clairvaux. He was born at Morlaix in Brittany, but the exact date of his birth is not known. He was a monk of Cluny between 1122 and 1156. Little is known of his life; but it is enough to claim for him the high place he holds, that he is the author of the hymns "*Hora Novissima*" and "*Hic breve vivitur*," if indeed these are not parts of one single hymn. No translator has succeeded in rendering these into their metrical equivalent in English verse. Dr. Neale has perhaps more nearly than any other caught their spirit, and given it to us in his "*Jerusalem, the Golden*," which it would be idle to attempt to surpass or equal. The rendering of "*Hora Novissima*" which is here given is felt to be far below the original.

BERNARDUS CLUNIACENSIS

HORA NOVISSIMA

*Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus.
Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus.*

*Imminet, imminet ut mala terminet, aequa coronet,
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, aethera donet.*

*Auferat aspera duraque pondera mentis onustae
Sobria muniat, improba puniat, utraque iuste.*

BERNARD OF CLUNY

THE LATEST HOUR

The latest hour hath spent its little round,
The days are now to evil fully given,
Let us awake! Behold! with dreadful sound
The Judge approacheth threatening from heaven.

He is at hand, He comes the ill to end,
To crown with due reward the just and right;
From every pain deliverance to send,
And give to faithful hearts eternal light.

The rough and harsh that fill our souls with grief
He will remove, and burdens take away;
Unto the righteous He will bring relief,
And justly punish wrong without delay.

ADAM DE ST. VICTORE

Adam, of the School of St. Victor, in Paris, was another contemporary of Bernard of Clairvaux. He was born in Brittainia, but the date of his birth is unknown, nor is it certain whether Brittainia means Great Britain or Bretagne. He died between 1172 and 1192. He is said to have been the author of one hundred and six hymns. Trench puts him "foremost among the Latin poets of the Middle Ages." Other writers, like Mrs. Charles, Professor March, and Mr. Duffield dissent from this high praise. Neale, however, thinks it insufficient. The selection given here is chosen because of its theme, the symbolism of the four living creatures in Ezekiel and Revelation.

ADAM DE ST. VICTORE

DE SANCTIS EVANGELISTIS

*Circa thronum maiestatis,
Cum spiritibus beatis,
Quatuor diversitatis
 Astant animalia.
Formam primum aquilinam,
Et secundum leoninam,
Sed humanam et bovinam
 Duo gerunt alia.*

*Formae formant figurarum
Formas Evangelistarum,
Quorum imber doctrinarum
 Stillat in Ecclesia;
Hi sunt Marcus et Matthaeus,
Lucas, et quem Zebedaeus
Pater tibi misit, Deus,
 Dum laxaret retia.*

ADAM OF ST. VICTOR

OF THE HOLY EVANGELISTS

Round about the throne of glory,
Where the spirits blest adore,
Shaped in forms of diverse seeming,
Stand these living creatures four.
Like an eagle is the first one,
Lion-like the next appears,
Like unto a man the third is,
Shape of ox the fourth one bears.

Of these shapes the forms betoken
Christ's Evangelists the four,
Showers of whose gracious doctrines
On the Church unceasing pour.
These are holy Mark and Matthew,
Luke, and he whom Zebedee
Sent to thee, O God, that father
Mending nets beside the sea.

*Formam viri dant Matthæo,
Quia scripsit sic de Deo,
Sicut descendit ab eo,
 Quem plasmarit, homine.
Lucas bos est in figura,
Ut præmonstrat in Scriptura,
Hostiarum tangens iura
 Legis sub velamine.*

*Marcus, leo per desertum
Clamans, rugit in apertum,
Iter fiat Deo certum,
 Mundum cor a crimine.
Sed Iohannes, ala bina
Caritatis, aquilina
Forma fertur in divina
 Puriori lumine.*

*Quatuor describunt isti
Quadriformes actus Christi,
Et figurant, ut audisti,
 Quisque sua formula.
Natus homo declaratur,
Vitulus sacrificatur,
Leo mortem deprædatur,
 Et ascendit aquila.*

Form of man they give to Matthew,
Since his Lord he thus portrayed,
Just as from the man descended
Whom in Eden God had made.
Luke the ox is, in appearance,
Since in Holy Writ he saw
Rites of sacrificial meaning,
'Neath the veiling of the law.

Mark, the lion, through the desert
Loudly roaring, clear is seen;
Straight be made for God a highway,
Every heart from sin be clean.
But on love's strong, double pinions
John is wafted from our sight
Into realms divine, as eagles
Soar into the purer light.

Fourfold in their forms, these creatures
All the acts of Christ portray,
And, as thou hast heard, describe Him
Each in his peculiar way.
Born as Man, He is depicted,
As the Ox, we see Him slain,
As the Lion, death He spoileth,
Eagle-like, He soars again.

ALANUS INSULANUS

Alanus de Insulis, or *Insulanus*, is supposed to have been born in L'Isle, or Lille, in Flanders, in the year 1114. He died, says Trench, about the beginning of the next century. He was known as *Doctor Universalis*, from his wide learning and his great ability.

It is difficult to determine whether he is the same person who is known as the friend of Bernard, and bishop of Auxerre. He was the author of a book of parables, and of many poems and hymns of great merit. His poem "*Est locus ex nostro*," is exceedingly beautiful, and reminds one of Bernard of Cluny.

ALANUS INSULANUS

DE VITA NOSTRA

*Vita nostra plena bellis:
Inter hostes, inter arma
More belli viritur;
Nulla lux it absque pugna,
Nulla nox it absque luctu,
Et salutis alea.*

*Sed timoris omnis expers,
Stabo firmus inter arma,
Nec timebo vulnera;
Non morabor hostis iras,
Non timebo publicasve,
Callidasve machinas.*

ALAN OF L'ISLE

OUR LIFE

This life of ours is full of strife,
We live 'mid foes and arms,
As they who spend their restless hours
In sound of war's alarms;
No day without a conflict goes,
No night without its woe,
Our safety like the gamester's chance,
The hazard of a throw.

But, free from every craven fear,
'Mid arms I'll stand my ground,
Nor shall my steadfast spirit know
The fear of mortal wound.
I'll not delay the foeman's rage,
Nor will I dread, the while,
His open, undisguised assault
Nor fear his hidden guile.

*Ecce ! coeli lapsus arcu
Abque : pis-a nube tectus
Rector ipse siderum :
Contra sacros mentis hostes
Proclivem me tuctur,
Bella pro me suscipit.*

*Franget arcus et sagittas,
Ignibusque sempiternis
Arma tradet hostium:
Ergo stabo sine metu,
Generose superabo
Hostium sacrificium.*

Behold! majestic on the arch
Of heaven His footsteps fly,
Who robed in densely rolling cloud
Doth rule the stars on high:
Me, fighting 'gainst my cruel foes
He seeth from afar,
And hasting, on my soul's behalf,
Himself takes up the war.

He breaks in sunder with His arm
The arrows and the bows,
And casts into eternal fire
The weapons of my foes.
And therefore shall I fearless stand
And valiant warfare wage,
And overcome by His great might
My fiercest foemen's rage.

THOMAS A CELANO

Little is known of the life of *Thomas of Celano*, his birth and death. But it is enough to know that he is the author of the "Dies Irae," the greatest Christian hymn, with the possible exception of the "Te Deum Laudamus." A thirteenth century monk of the order of St. Francis of Assisi, he wrote a biography of that saint, and brought to the work the qualifications both of intimate friendship and close sympathy. There are a few other poetical works ascribed to him, but with little internal evidence to sustain the claim. There have been as many as one hundred and fifty English versions or translations of the "Dies Irae" and more than one hundred in German.

Two considerations alone permit one more translation to be offered here; that arising from the desire for completeness, and that of nearer approach to literalness than many other translators have attempted.

THOMAS A CELANO

DIES IRAE

*Dies irae, dies illa
Solvet saeculum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sybilla.*

*Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando iudex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus!*

*Tuba, mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulera regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.*

*Mors stupebit, et natura,
Quum resurget creatura,
Iudicanti responsura.*

*Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus iudicetur.*

THOMAS OF CELANO

DAY OF WRATH

Day of wrath, that day predicted!
Earth to ashes melts afflicted,
As by saint and seer depicted!

O how great shall be the quaking,
When the Judge, His advent making,
Strict account of all is taking!

Loud the trumpet's sound is swelling,
'Mid earth's graves its summons telling,
All before the throne compelling.

Death and nature shall be quaking,
When to life, the creature, waking,
To its Judge response is making.

Then the book shall be unsealéd,
Wherein now is all concealéd,
Whence shall be earth's doom revealéd.

*Iudex ergo quum sedebit,
Quidquid latet, apparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.*

*Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix iustus sit securus?*

*Rex tremendae maiestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis!*

*Recordare, Iesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuae viae;
Ne me perdas illa die!*

*Quaerens me sedisti lassus,
Redemisti crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus!*

*Iuste iudex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis!*

Therefore when the Judge is reigning,
Hidden things the light attaining,
Naught unjudged shall be remaining.

What shall wretched I be crying,
On what Advocate relying,
When the just are near to dying?

King of majesty supremest,
Saving whom Thou worthy deemest,
Save me, Thou who mercy streamest!

Holy Jesus, then recalling
How I caused Thy way appalling,
Let me not that day be falling!

Sitting weary, me Thou soughtest,
Cross enduring, me Thou boughtest,
Not in vain such labor wroughtest!

O Thou Judge of retribution,
Grant to me Thine absolution,
Ere that day of restitution.

*Ingemisco tanquam reus,
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus!*

*Qui Mariam absolvesti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.*

*Preces meae non sunt dignae
Sed tu bonus fac benigne
Ne perenni cremer igne.*

*Inter oves locum praesta,
Et ab haedis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.*

*Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis!*

*Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis!*

As a culprit I am groaning,
Guilt my face with blushes owning.
Spare me, God, my guilt condoning!

Thou who Mary gav'st remission,
And didst hear the thief's contrition,
Me hast given new ambition.

Vain is all my supplication,
Bring me to Thy new creation,
Save from endless condemnation.

'Mid Thy sheep a place provide me,
From the goats afar divide me,
At Thy right hand safely hide me.

When the doomed, in consternation,
Find in flames their condemnation,
Call me unto Thy salvation!

Suppliant to Thee I'm bending,
Heart of dust with sorrow rending,
Have Thou care of my last ending!

*Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Iudicandus homo reus:
Huic ergo parce, Deus!*

*Iesu, pie domine,
Dona eos requie!*
Amen.

Sorrowful that day is breaking,
When from ashes man is waking,
And to judgment he is hastening;
Therefore, spare, O God, thy chastening.

Gentle Jesus, Saviour blest,
Grant to them Thy peaceful rest!

Amen.

BONAVENTURA

Bonaventura, whose family name was John of *Fidanza*, was born in Tuscany in the year 1221. He is said to have been greeted by St. Francis upon his entrance into the order of Franciscans with the exclamation, "Buona Ventura!" — "Welcome!" — hence the name by which he is most widely known. In 1245 he became professor of theology at Paris; in 1256, general of his order; in 1273, cardinal-bishop of Alba. He was a rival of Thomas Aquinas, the great Dominican, and was styled Doctor Seraphicus.

While certain writings ascribed to him would indicate that he shared the ecclesiastical errors of his age, yet he "must have possessed a richest personal familiarity with all the deeper mysteries of the spiritual life" (Trench). Luther calls him "praestantissimus vir," and Dante mentions him in his "Paradise."

He died at Lyons in 1274, during the council, at which he was in attendance upon Pope Gregory X.

BONAVENTURA

I

DE SANCTA CRUCE

*Recordare sanctae crucis,
Qui perfectam viam ducis
Delectare iugiter.
Sanctae crucis recordare,
Et in ipsa meditare
Insatiabiliter.*

*Quum quiescas aut laboras,
Quando rides, quando ploras,
Doles sive gaudeas;
Quando vadis, quando venis,
In solatiis, in poenis
Crucem corde teneas.*

*Cruz in omnibus pressuris,
Et in gravibus et duris
Est totum remedium.
Cruz in poenis et tormentis
Est dulcedo piae mentis,
Et verum refugium.*



GETHSEMANE

Hofmann

BONAVENTURE

I

OF THE HOLY CROSS

Thou who art so prone to measure
Perfect life by ceaseless pleasure,
Think upon the holy cross.
Be the cross thy contemplation
Through unwearied meditation,
Counting all things else as loss.

Whether resting or achieving,
Whilst thou laughest, or art grieving,
Weeping or in joy thou art;
Faring forth, or homeward hastening
In thy comfort, in thy chastening,
Keep the cross within thy heart.

Lo, the cross, when ills oppress thee,
Burdens crush and woes possess thee,
Is thy one and only cure.
In thy pain and deep affliction
'Tis thy soul's sweet benediction
And thy refuge safe and sure.

*Crux est porta paradisi,
In qua sancti sunt confisi,
 Qui rixerunt omnia.
Crux est mundi medicina,
Per quam bonitas divina
 Facit mirabilia.*

*Crux est salus animarum,
Verum lumen et praeclarum,
 Et dulcedo cordium.
Crux est vita beatorum,
Et thesaurus perfectorum,
 Et decor et gaudium.*

*Crux est speculum virtutis,
Gloriosae dux salutis,
 Cuncta spes fidelium.
Crux est decus salcandorum,
Et solatium eorum
 Atque desiderium.*

Lo, the cross is heaven's portal,
In which trust the saints immortal,
Who have conquered in the fight.
This world finds the cross its healing,
God's own goodness still revealing
By its wonder-working might.

Of our souls it is salvation,
Bright and true illumination,
Hearts' delight without alloy.
Of the blest, life without measure,
Of the perfect, countless treasure,
Their renown and fadeless joy.

Here is virtue's reproduction,
Great salvation's sweet instruction,
Faithful spirits' hope entire.
Of the workers of salvation
Ornament and consolation,
And their ardent souls' desire.

*Cruz est arbor decorata,
Christi sanguine sacrata,
Cunctis plena fructibus,
Quibus animae eruuntur,
Cum supernis nutriuntur
Cibis in coelestibus.*

*Crucifixe! fac me fortem,
Ut libenter tuam mortem
Plangam, donec vixero.
Tecum volo vulnerari,
Te libenter amplexari
In cruce desidero.*

'Tis the tree of Christ, made glorious
By His bloodshed meritorious,
Filled with fruits on every hand,
Whereby souls are brought to heaven
Fed by dainties freely given
To the hosts of that blest land.

Crucified! Thy servant strengthen,
That I may, while life's days lengthen,
Evermore Thy death deplore.
With Thee would I fain be wounded,
By Thine arms to be surrounded
On Thy cross, I ask no more.

II

HYMNUS DE PASSIONE DOMINI

*Christum ducem,
Qui per crucem
Redemit nos ab hostibus,
Laudet coetus
Noster lactus,
Exullet coelum laudibus.*

*Poena fortis
Tuæ mortis
Et sanguinis effusio,
Corda terant,
Ut te quaerant,
Iesu, nostra redemptio.*

*Per felices
Cicatrices,
Sputa, flagella, verbera,
Nobis grata
Sunt collata
Aeterna Christi munera.*



VIA DOLOROSA

Holmann

II

A HYMN OF THE LORD'S PASSION

Now let our joyful chorus sing,
Let heaven with alleluias ring,
To Christ, our Captain, who by woe
Hath saved us from our every foe.

The anguish of Thy dying pains,
The lifeblood pouring from Thy veins,
O may they drive these hearts of ours
To seek, O Christ, Thy saving powers.

By those blest scars which still disclose
Thine insults, scourgings, cruel blows,
Are gained for us, of worth unpriced,
The everlasting gifts of Christ.

*Nostrum tangat
Cor, ut plangat
Tuorum sanguis vulnerum.
In quo toti
Simus loti,
Conditor alme siderum.*

*Passionis
Tuae donis
Salvator, nos inebria,
Qua fidelis
Dare velis
Aeterna nobis gaudia!*

The blood that from Thy wounds did flow,
O may it touch our hearts with woe,
Till we thereby be all made clean,
Creator blest of stars serene.

O Saviour, fill us from above,
With treasures of Thy dying love,
Of love whereby Thou still wilt pour
On us rich joys forevermore!

IACOPONUS

Iacoponus, a nickname, said to have been adopted through humility by Jacobus de Benedictis, who was born at Todi in Umbria, early in the thirteenth century. In his youth he was dissipated and lost his property, but afterward regained it by his industry and talents. The death of his wife wrought a complete change in his religious life, and he entered the Franciscan Order. Many anecdotes are told as illustrating the peculiarities of his character. He seems to have blended buffoonery with saintliness in a marked degree. Possibly he used folly for a cloak of wisdom, that he might with more freedom, as a privileged person, speak homely and unpalatable truths. He incurred the displeasure of Pope Boniface VIII, and was by him imprisoned. He died in the year 1306. The hymn "*Stabat Mater Dolorosa*" is agreed to have been his. Other hymns ascribed to him are disputed, but this, which ranks second only to the "*Dies Irae*" shows in him a poet of the highest order. Some of his verses are open to criticism on the ground of their Mariolatry, but the translation here offered need not be taken to imply the endorsement of those theological opinions which were peculiar to his century.

IACOPONUS

SEQUENTIA DE PASSIONE BEATAE VIRGINIS

*Stabat mater dolorosa
Iuxta crucem lacrymosa,
Dum pendebat filius,
Cuius animam gementem,
Contristantem et dolentem
Pertransiuit gladius.*

*O quam tristis et afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater unigeniti,
Quae moerebat et dolebat
Et tremebat, dum ridebat
Nati poenas inclyti.*

*Quis est homo, qui non fleret,
Matrem Christi si videret,
In tanto supplicio?
Quis non posset contristari,
Piam matrem contemplari
Dolentem cum filio!*



MATER DOLOROSA

Guido Reni

JACOPONUS

A SEQUENCE REGARDING THE PASSION OF THE
BLESSED VIRGIN

Near the cross in anguish fearful
Stood the virgin mother, tearful,
 While her Son was hung to die;
Through her soul, with sorrow groaning,
Deeply grieving, sadly moaning,
 Pierced the sword remorselessly.

O how stricken and oppresséd,
Was that mother, ever-blesséd,
 Of the sole-begotten One.
Sadly wailing, comfort failing,
Spirit quailing, sight unveiling
 Torments of her glorious Son.

Who his tears would be withholding,
Christ's own mother thus beholding,
 In the depths of so great woe?
Who, that mother blest perceiving,
For her Son so sorely grieving,
 Could forbid his tears to flow!

*Pro peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Iesum in tormentis
Et flagellis subditum;
Vidit suum dulcem natum
Morientem, desolatum,
Dum emisit spiritum.*

*Eia mater, fons amoris!
Me sentire vim doloris
Fac, ut tecum lugeam;
Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum Deum,
Ut sibi complaceam.*

*Sancta mater, istud agas,
Crucifixi fuge plagas
Cordi meo valide;
Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Poenas mecum divide.*

*Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo condolere,
Donec ego vixero;
Iuxta crucem tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare
In planctu desidero.*

For His people's own transgression,
Saw she Jesus in oppression,
 And with scourges put to death;
Saw her First-born, sweetly cherished,
While, forsaken there, He perished,
 Yielding up His latest breath.

Mother, fount of love's pure treasure!
Make me know of grief the measure,
 That with thee I sorrow now;
Let my heart with love be burning,
And to Christ, my God, be turning,
 That I please Him, e'en as thou.

Holy Mother, grant this blessing:
On my heart the stripes impressing
 Of thy Son, the Crucified;
And His pangs, O let me share them,
Since He deigned for me to bear them,
 Since it was for me He died.

Let me, with thee truly weeping,
Sorrow's lifelong watch be keeping
 By the Crucified with thee;
Near the cross with thee remaining,
With thee still in grief complaining,
 May this all my portion be.

*Virgo virginum praeclara,
Mihi iam non sis amara,
Fac me tecum plangere;
Fac, ut portem Christi mortem,
Passionis fac consortem
Et plagas recolare.*

*Fac me plagis vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Et cruore filii;
Inflammatum et accensum,
Per te, virgo, sim defensus
In die iudicii.*

*Fac me cruce custodiri,
Morte Christi praemuniri,
Confoveri gratia.
Quando corpus morietur,
Fac, ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria.*

Virgin, virgins all excelling,
Be not now to me repelling —
 Grant that I with thee may weep;
Make me of Christ's death the bearer,
Of His passion make me sharer,
 And His stripes O let me keep.

Let me of His stripes partaking,
By this cross my thirst be slaking
 And with life-blood of thy Son;
Thus inflamed, aroused, defended,
By thee, Virgin, till, life ended,
 Day of judgment is begun.

Let me by the cross directed,
By the death of Christ protected,
 Find thy cherishing grace suffice.
When this body shall be sleeping,
Grant my soul thy holy keeping
 In the rest of Paradise.

AUCTOR INCERTUS

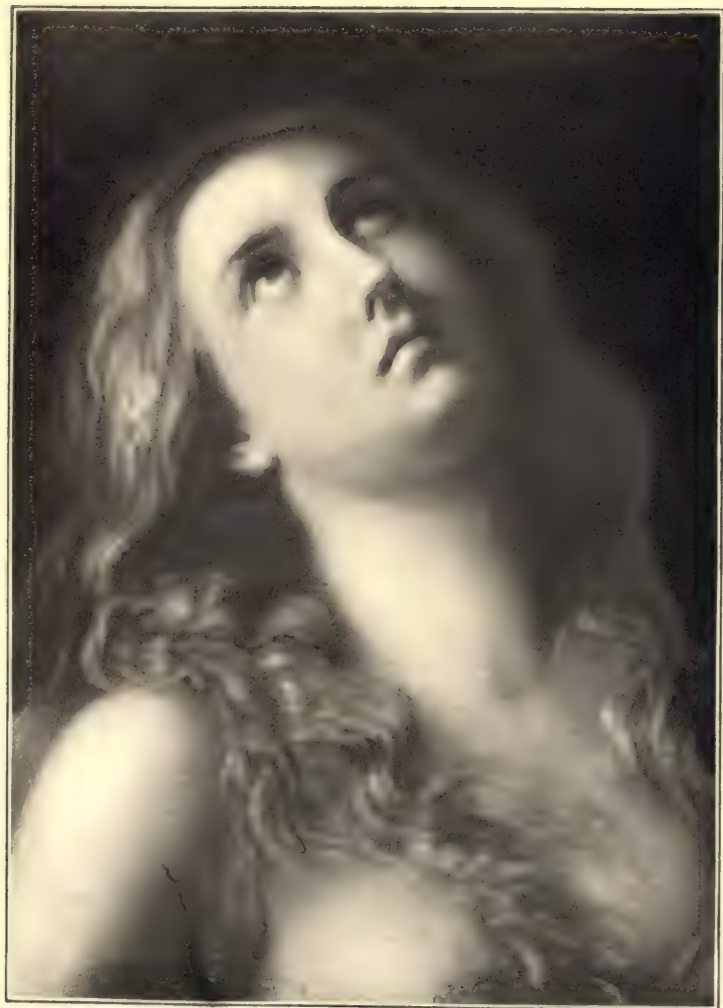
SUSPIRIUM AMORIS

*O Deus, ego amo te,
Nec amo te, ut salves me,
Aut quia non amandes te
Aeterno punis igne.*

*Tu, tu, mi Iesu, totum me
Amplexus es in cruce,
Tulisti claros, lanceam,
Multamque ignominiam,*

*Innumeros dolores,
Sudores et angores,
Ac mortem, et haec propter me,
Ah, pro me peccatore!*

*Cur igitur non amem te,
O Iesu amantissime,
Non, ut in coelo salves me,
Aut ne aeternum damnes me;*



MAGDALENA

Murillo

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

THE SIGH OF LOVE

O God, my love I offer Thee,
Nor love Thee, that Thou savest me,
Nor yet because in endless fire,
Unloving souls shall feel Thine ire.

Thou, Thou, my Jesus, on the tree,
Hast totally embracéd me,
The cruel nails, the piercing spear,
And shame unmeasured Thou didst bear,

And griefs whose number none can tell,
Sweat-drops and torturings as well,
And death itself; and these for me
Whose sins, alas! have fallen on Thee!

Why, therefore, should I not love Thee,
O Jesus, who dost most love me,
Not that in heaven my soul may dwell,
Nor lest my portion be in hell;

*Nec praemii ullius spe,
Sed sicut tu amasti me?
Sic amo et amabo te
Solum quia rex meus es.*

Nor for the hope of joys to be,
But just as Thou hast first loved me?
So love I, and my love will own,
Because Thou art my King alone.

AUCTOR INCERTUS

DE RESURRECTIONE

*Plaudite coeli,
Rideat aether,
Sammus et imus
Gaudeat orbis!
Transivit atrae
Turba procellae:
Subiit almae
Gloria palmae!*

*Surgite verni,
Surgite flores,
Germina pictis
Surgite campis,
Teneris mixtae
Violis rosae,
Candida sparsis
Lilia calthis!*

AUTHOR UNKNOWN

OF THE RESURRECTION

Ye heavens your joy proclaim,
Let laughter fill the air,
From topmost peak to depths below
Let earth the gladness share!
Dark tempest's furious throng
O'erwhelmed has passed away;
The cherished palm of victory
New glory wears to-day!

Awake, ye springtime flowers!
Awake, and bloom once more!
Awake, and live, ye scattered seed,
The brodered meadows o'er.
With tender violets blent,
Ye roses now unfold,
And gleam of snow-white lilies rare,
With wealth of marigold!

*Currite plenis
Carmina venis!
Fundite lactum,
Barbytha, metrum:
Namque revixit,
Sicuti dixit,
Pius illaesus
Funere Iesus!*

*Plaudite montes,
Ludite fontes;
Resonent valles,
Repetunt colles:
"Io revixit,
Sicuti dixit,
Pius illaesus
Funere Iesus."*

Flow on, ye choral strains,
Your generous powers employ
And you, ye warbling lutes,
Pour forth your notes of joy:
For lo! He lives again,
Just as Himself hath said,
Our holy Jesus, all unharmed,
Is risen from the dead!

Ye mountains, clap your hands.
Ye sparkling fountains play;
Let echoing vales give back the sound,
Let hills replying say :
“ Behold, He lives again,
Just as Himself hath said.
Our holy Jesus, all unharmed,
Is risen from the dead.”

MARIA, SCOTIAE REGINA

INVOCATIO

O Domine Deus!
Sperari in te;
O care mi Iesu!
Nunc libera me:
In dura catena,
In misera poena
Desidero te;
Languendo, gémendo,
Et genuflectendo,
Adoro, imploro,
Ut liberes me!

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS

INVOCATION

O Almighty Lord, my God!
My trust is all in Thee.
O blest Jesus, Saviour dear,
Come and set me free;
In these harsh chains,
In cruel pains,
I long for Thee;
With groans of anguish,
Behold, I languish,
Bending low the knee.
Still adoring,
Still imploring,
Come and set me free!

